

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

POETS' HOMES.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES

OF

AMERICAN POETS AND THEIR HOMES.

BY

ARTHUR GILMAN AND OTHERS.

* *



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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AS I write, my eye wanders occasionally from the paper, and I look out of my library window towards the Washington Elm, beyond which I see a straight path across the Common that seems to end at the door of a great gambrel-roofed house. It is historic ground. Under that aged elm tree the Father of his Country first drew his sword as Commander-in-Chief of the army that won freedom for the United States, and on that Common the brave soldiers who composed the patriot army encamped after the battle of Lexington. Of one of these scenes Dr. Holmes wrote in 1875 :

“ Just on this very blessed spot,
The summer leaves below,
Before his homespun ranks arrayed,
In green New England's elm-bough shade
The great Virginian drew the blade
King George full soon should know.”

Between the Common and the house with the gambrel roof lies the road on which the red-coats marched, all confident and proud, as they started for Lexington and Concord one April morning in 1775, and down which, all humble and sore, they hurried, pressed by the militia-men, as they retreated towards Boston the same afternoon, after their astonishing defeat.

Many a tourist has stopped under the venerable elm, and has read the inscription on the granite monument telling the simple story of how the hero honored the tree. Many a visitor gazes at the ancient house, too, but he does not honor it because it was the home of “Mr Hastings,” or the quarters of the “Committee of Safety,” and of General Ward, a hundred and three years ago. No, he does homage to the spirit of patriotism and the glory of war on this side of the Common ; and when he crosses the straight path, over which my errant eyes so often wander, he thinks of a gentle poet who drew his first breath beneath that hospitable roof, and whose first years were spent in the midst of these historic scenes. It is no

longer the "Hastings House," but the birth-place of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Nearly two generations ago, in the year 1807, the minister of the "First Church in Cambridge" moved into the old house — for it was old even then. He was the Rev. Abiel Holmes, well known as a laborious and faithful pastor, and a literary man of prominence wherever American history and biography were read. He was accompanied by his wife, a daughter of the Hon. Oliver Wendell, an eminent citizen of the neighboring town of Boston. Cambridge was a mere village then, and the common a waste, unfenced stretch of sand and gravel crossed by a number of unshaded country roads. Around it there were ranged a few straggling houses which, for the most part, were black with age, and guiltless of paint. The south windows of the house, which now became the parsonage, opened upon the red buildings of Harvard College, then few in number, and commanded the view over the Common to which Dr. Holmes refers in his "Metrical Essay," though but one church stood there until 1833 :

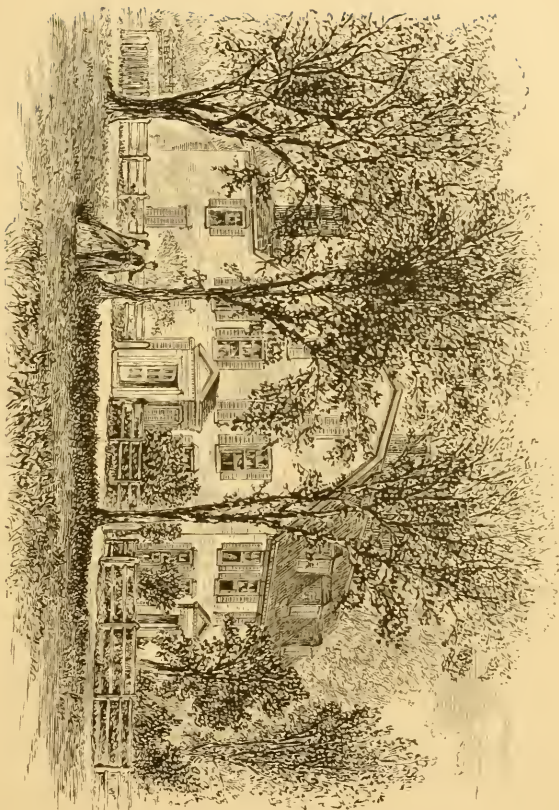
" Our ancient church ! its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire.

Like Sentinel and Nun they keep
 Their vigil on the green ;
 One seems to guard, and one to weep,
 The dead that lie between."

The "lowly tower " belongs still to Christ Church, the history of which runs back many years before revolutionary times, and in it General Washington worshipped in 1775. The old house and the scenes about it, as well as the history connected with them are evidently dear to Dr. Holmes, and we find them frequently alluded to in his verses, as well as in his prose. In the *Atlantic* for January, 1872, he devotes several pages to a description of them, in which he says, "It was a great happiness to have been born in an old house haunted by such recollections, with harmless ghosts walking its corridors, with fields of waving grass and trees and singing birds, and that vast territory of four or five acres around it to give a child the sense that he was born to a noble principality. . . . It seems to me I should hardly be quite happy if I could not recall at will the Old House with the Long Entry and the White Chamber (where I wrote the first verses that made me known, with a pencil, *stans pede in uno*,"

* Standing on one foot. The verses were those entitled "Old Ironsides."

BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



pretty nearly) and the Little Parlor, and the study and the old books in uniforms as varied as those of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company used to be, if my memory serves me right, and the front yard with the stars of Bethlehem growing, flowerless, among the grass, and the dear faces to be seen no more there or anywhere on this earthly place of farewells." Again he writes, "We Americans are all cuckoos — we make our homes in the nests of other birds. . . . We lose a great deal in living where there are so few permanent homes."

But I was not talking of the son, nor of the old home but of the poet's father. He is depicted to us as one of the loveliest characters — full of learning, but never distressing others by showing how learned he was, "a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian" who for forty years walked these classic streets and taught a loving and respecting people the lessons that he first learned himself. He drew children to him by his kindly manner, and when he appeared before them his cane never frightened them, for they knew that his pockets were filled with sweets for them, and his mouth with pleasant words. One of his last acts was to give a good book to each member of his Sunday-school as they passed before the pulpit where he stood.

Of such a father and of such a mother, in the old

gambrel-roofed house, Oliver Wendell Holmes was born, on the twenty-ninth of August, 1809.* It seems to me that he fulfils the conditions of "the man of family," as he is described in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1859, by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." "The man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library." Every surrounding circumstance gave Dr. Holmes in his youth tendencies towards the culture, wisdom, geniality, and love of books, which he has since exhibited.

He went to school in Cambridge, was fitted for college at the Academy founded by Mr. Phillips in Andover, and took his bachelor's degree at Harvard in 1829. It is not necessary, however, to make the last statement, for all the world knows that he belongs to the class of 1829, he has celebrated it so

*I am very sure of this date, for I have seen the record of the important fact, that was made by the father at the time. It is on one of those little old "Almanacks" that were then so commonly used for such purposes. Under the date of August 29, 1809, I found these words (or letters): "*Son b.*" When old Dr. Holmes wrote them he threw a little sand upon the ink, and there it still glistens as the paper is turned to the sunlight! The map of Europe has been made over since that day, nations have risen and fallen, the United States has passed through three wars, and yet the little grain of sand, the emblem of things changeable and fleeting, glistens unchanged upon the poet's birth-record!

often in his poems. It must have been a remarkable class to have so thoroughly inspired the Doctor's muse. He likes to laugh at the regularity with which, since 1851, he has produced poems for its meetings. A few years ago, he spoke of himself thus ;

“ It's awful to think of — how, year after year,
With his piece in his pocket he waits for you here ;
No matter who's missing, there always is one
To lug out his manuscript, sure as a gun.
' Why won't he stop writing ? ' Humanity cries :
The answer is, briefly, ' He can't if he tries ;
He has played with his foolish old feather so long,
That the goose-quill, in spite of him, cackles in song. ’ ”

After graduation Dr. Holmes studied law for a year at the Dane Law School, of Harvard College. During this time, he wrote many poems for the college periodical, called “The Collegian,” among which were “The Height of the Ridiculous,” “Evening — by a Tailor,” and “The Last of the Dryads,” the last having reference to a general and severe pruning of the trees around the college. At the year's end, however, he left this study for that of medicine, which he followed until the spring of 1833. He then went to Europe where he still pursued his medical studies, principally in Paris, until the autumn of 1835, when he returned. In 1836 he was in Cambridge, prepared to take his degree as Doctor of Medicine. It

was in the summer of that year that he delivered, before the Phi Beta Kappa society, the remarkable poem, entitled "Poetry : A Metrical Essay," beginning —

"Scenes of my youth ! awake its slumbering fire !
Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent lyre ! "

In this poem, he illustrates pastoral and martial poetry, by his lines on the Cambridge churchyard to which I have already referred, and those stirring ones entitled "Old Ironsides," which are in all collections. The government had prepared to break up the old frigate Constitution, and when Dr. Holmes read his verses, into which he put all possible vigor, he excited his hearers as if with an electric shock. I wish that I might have heard him as he exclaimed with indignant and vehement sarcasm :

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down ! "

These stirring verses had been published in the Boston *Advertiser* several years before (I have told you how they were written), and from its columns had been copied by the newspapers all over the country. They had been circulated on hand-bills at Washington, and had caused the preservation of the old vessel. This is one of the marked cases in which poetry has

shown its power to stir a people's heart, and to accomplish something that prose would have failed to do.

In 1839, Dr. Holmes became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, and ever since that time he has been lecturing to medical students upon subjects which you would think could not be made interesting; but Dr. Holmes always makes people attentive to what he says, and I have been told that there is no professor whom the students so much like to listen to. When you read his works you will find that he says that every one of us is *three* persons, and I think that if the statement is true in regard to ordinary men and women Dr. Holmes himself is, at least, half a dozen persons. He lectures so well on Anatomy that his students never suspect him to be a poet, and he writes verses so well that most people do not suspect him of being an authority among scientific men. I ought to tell you that, though he illustrates his medical lectures by quotations of the most appropriate and interesting sort from a wonderful variety of authors, he has never been known to refer to his own writings in that way. I will say here all that I wish to about his medical career.

He did not stay long so far away from Cambridge

as Dartmouth is, and in 1840 we find him married and established as a popular physician in Boston. It was at this time that he began again to give instruction to young physicians ; for he has never been able to shut up his knowledge and keep it for his own use, and has always been a teacher as well as a learner, as most great and good men have been.

He wrote about diseases and the causes of them, and upset some of the notions that doctors had always thought ought to be respected. There is a bad fever with a long name, that certain leading authorities thought could not be "taken" by touching a person who has it, but Dr. Holmes proved that it could be, and intelligent doctors agree with him now. In 1837, he published a volume containing three Prize Essays on Intermittent Fever, Neuralgia, and the need of Direct Exploration in Medical Practice. Since then, he has written other very important essays of this kind, one of which is on Homœopathy and Kindred Delusions. Besides this, he has argued against giving people as much medicine as doctors used to give when he was taught to practice, and for this we all owe him a debt.

I must not go on with this subject too long, for you wish to know about Dr. Holmes the poet, and not the physician. It is enough to say that he grew so fa-

mous and learned in this profession that when the celebrated Dr. Warren gave up his professorship at Harvard, Dr. Holmes was chosen to take his place as professor of Anatomy. That was in 1847, and he has been Professor Holmes ever since, and is now teaching the sons of some of those to whom, years ago, he gave their first lesson in Anatomy. Yet, if you look at his portrait, taken only a few weeks ago, you will say that he is not an old man himself!

Having arrived at the point where Dr. Holmes was married and established for life, I will say a little more about the homes he has had. They are three. Of the first one I have told you and have shown you a picture. When I was a small boy, a square old-fashioned mansion used to be pointed out to me as the residence of a poet, whom I knew as having written a poem that I thought "splendid," entitled "The Height of the Ridiculous." It began thus:

"I wrote some lines, once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.
They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in a general way,
A sober man am I."

Do you not remember them?

The house that I speak of stood upon an elevation overlooking a meadow bordering the Housatonic river in the town of Pittsfield. Dr. Holmes's great-grandfather, Jacob Wendell, had had a little farm there of twenty-four thousand acres, and this house was surrounded by what remained of them unsold. (Let me see: How many acres make a square mile?) I have told you how much Dr. Holmes is attached to the homes that he has had. This was no exception. He lived here a part of the year only, from 1849 to 1856.* In a poem recited at Pittsfield in those days he says:

"Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels,
With the burrs on his legs and the grass at his heels!
In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,
He slaps a mosquito, and brushes a tear;
The dew-drops hang round him on blossoms and shoots,
He heaves but one sigh for his youth and his boots.
There stands the old school-house, hard by the old church,
The tree at its side had the flavor of birch;
O, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks;
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big licks."
By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps;
His boots fill with water as if they were pumps,
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head."

* In the tenth paper of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," Dr. Holmes refers to this place thus:—"In that home where seven blessed summers were passed, which stand in memory like the seven golden candlesticks in the beautiful vision of the holy dreamer."

My readers out West will know what a "lick" is, and all of them will see that Dr. Holmes writes of the tree by the old school-house as feelingly as he could have done if his young ideas had been taught to shoot in Pittsfield instead of Cambridge.

The third home is the elegant one on Beacon Street in Boston, of the library of which I give you as good a picture as a photographer could make. It is a charming room, with a generous bay-window looking over the broad river Charles, and commanding an extensive view of Cambridge. Even in the picture you can recognize the lofty tower of Memorial Hall, which is but a few steps from the good Doctor's first home. The ancient Hebrew always had a window open towards Jerusalem, the city about which his most cherished hopes and memories clustered, and this window gives its owner the pleasure of looking straight to the place of his birth, and thus of freshening all the happy memories of a successful life.

I cannot show you two other windows that you would see if you could enter this library. They are circular, and shed the light of day upon the alcoves between the book-cases, and also upon the apparatus connected with a microscope which stands ready for use near one of them.

I wish you could all stand with me beside the

writing-table in the center of this room. You would see your face reflected in a large mirror over the cheerful open fire that burns on the hearth, and you would notice that the walls on all sides, except one through which you entered, are lined with books. Beside the broad doors you would see two portraits that would attract your attention and keep it. The one, of a lady (which once had a rent in the canvas), represents " Dorothy Q., " —

" Grandmother's mother, — her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less ;
Girlish bust, but womanly air,
Smooth, square forehead, and up-rolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Taper fingers and slender wrist,
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade,—
So they painted the little maid.
On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving, and broods serene."

This little maiden was a daughter of Judge Edmund Quincy of Boston, and married Edward Jackson. She was an aunt of a second Dorothy Quincy, afterward Mrs. John Hancock, whose husband signed the Declaration of Independence in such a dashing way. The other portrait is a speaking one, by Copley, of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooper, a celebrated divine of Revolutionary times, who was a friend of Benjamin Frank-

lin, and preached in the Brattle Street Church to Dr. Holmes' ancestors. This home is very elegant, and Dr. Holmes evidently enjoys it very much. Should you not like to see him writing at that table? I can imagine him engaged in that way. I suppose that he has just come in from a lecture where he has been delighting the medical students with his lucid exposition of some anatomical subject. He warms his feet before the fire awhile, and then remembers that some editor has been urging him for a poem. His eyes glance out at the window, he sees the Memorial Tower; he remembers the old parsonage below it, his mind travels over time as his eye has over space, and he peoples the house and the neighborhood with the men, women and children of many long years ago. He hears the notes of a musical instrument, that came out of the windows looking towards the church of those days, and his imagination is fixed in words, thus:

“ In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen,
With the gambrel roof, and the gable looking westward to
the green,

At the side towards the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night!

Ah, me! how I remember the evening when it came!

What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame!

When the wondrous box was opened that had come from
over seas,

With its smell of mastic varnish and its flash of ivory keys.
 Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
 For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
 Till the father asked for quiet in his grave, paternal way,
 But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary,
 play."

Does this not show that our poet has never forgotten that home, nor the great excitement caused in the family circle by the arrival of the imported Clementi piano, which was such a wonder in those days? Is there not something delightfully cordial in the introduction that this gives us to the family circle — to father and mother, brother and sisters, and even to his little "Catherine," who ran in to listen to the wondrous music, as you will learn if you read the other verses of the "Opening of the Piano"?

Suppose, however, that Dr. Holmes, instead of looking so far for his subject, had cast his eyes down upon the Charles. Then he might have written thus as he did last winter :

"Through my north window, in the wintry weather,—
 My airy oriel on the river shore,—
 I watch the seafowl as they flock together,
 Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.
 How often, gazing where a bird reposes,
 Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with the tide,
 I lose myself in strange metempsychosis,
 And float, a sea fowl, at a sea fowl's side.

A voice recalls me.—From my window turning,
I find myself a plumeless biped still;
No beak, no claws, no sign of wings discerning, —
In fact, with nothing birdlike but my quill."

This poem was in the *Atlantic* for January last. It contains a touch that is very characteristic of one so kindly in his feelings as Dr. Holmes. As he calls our attention to the fowl he loves to see on the water, he takes advantage of a moment when one of the ducks is diving, to tell us that it is not valuable to the hunter — a remark which of course he could not make in the fowl's presence !

By knowing so much as we have now learned of the homes of Dr. Holmes, we get an introduction to his mind and heart, and understand something of how his poems have grown out of his life and have been moulded by his surroundings. It is not necessary for us to wander into the other apartments of his present house, though he will gladly show us his drawing-room, just across the hall from the library, and let us feast our eyes upon some of the works of art there. He will call our attention especially to some remarkable reproductions of paintings of the old masters, made by a new process. Here I will say, by way of parenthesis, that we owe to the ingenuity of our poet the stereoscope in its present available shape,

which he gave to the public without burdening it with the additional cost which it would have had if it had been patented. It is one of the few inventions of value that are not patented.

Thus far we have studied Dr. Holmes as a successful professional student, writer and poet. Twenty-five years ago he appeared in a new character. He began to lecture on contemporary poets, and showed that he was a most acute literary critic. He knew human nature and was able to manage audiences of a mixed kind as well as those composed of students. Twenty years ago last autumn a new magazine was started in Boston. It was to be of the very highest literary character, and the poet James Russell Lowell, now our minister at Madrid, was called to its editorial chair. He said that he would not accept unless his friend Oliver Wendell Holmes would agree to be one of the contributors. Dr. Holmes was reluctant to promise. He remembered that he had been writing for thirty years, and felt that a new generation of readers as well as writers had grown up, and thought that he ought to be allowed to rest. Now, as he looks back, he sees that he was mistaken, and believes that the new magazine came for his fruit just as it was ripe for the gathering. "It seems very strange to me," he says with his quaint frankness, "as I look back and



DR. HOLMES' LIBRARY — BEACON STREET.

see how everything was arranged for me, as if I had been waited for as patiently as Kepler said he was ; but so the least sometimes seem to be cared for as anxiously as the greatest — are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall? If I had been the sparrow that fell in the early part of 1853, the world might have lost very little, but I should have carried a few chirps with me that I had rather have left behind me.”

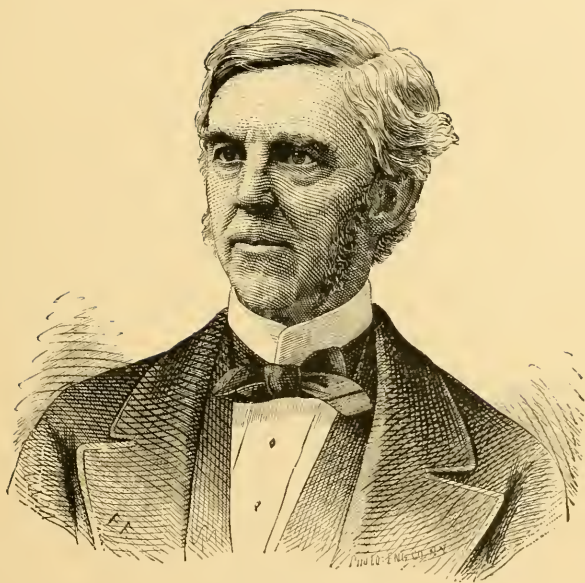
Such was Dr. Holmes’s modest opinion of himself in 1857. Mr. Lowell thought otherwise, and so did the public. The magazine wanted a name, and Dr. Holmes called it “The Atlantic Monthly Magazine.” As he sat down to write for the first number, he remembered that, just twenty-five years before, he had published two articles entitled “The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,” and he says that the recollections of these crude products of his uncombed literary boyhood suggested the thought that it would be a curious experiment to shake the same bough again and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early wind-falls. So he began his first article thus : “I was just going to say, when I was interrupted, — ” and did not explain for a year how long the interruption had lasted.

His papers took the reading public by storm and

successfully established the *Atlantic*. It was acknowledged that Dr. Holmes was the best living magazine writer. For a year he sat at the breakfast-table as the Autocrat, and then he began a series of papers entitled, "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table." These were followed by "The Professor's Story," afterwards published as "Elsie Venner ; a Romance of Destiny." In 1867, "The Guardian Angel" was the great attraction of the magazine, and in 1872, the "Autocrat" series was closed with a number of articles entitled, "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table." These ended with a poetical epilogue, in which the author represents a buyer in 1972 purchasing the whole of them at a book-store for "one dime !"

This series of prose works is overflowing with wit and wisdom, and established the reputation of Dr. Holmes as a writer of prose, as high as it had before stood as a poet. It constituted, however, but a part of his productions for the period. He wrote constantly upon topics that were uppermost in the people's thoughts ; and especially was he in demand whenever on an occasion of extraordinary importance a poem was required. He became the poet-laureate of Boston, and wrote, himself, —

" Here's the cousin of a king,—
Would I do the civil thing ?



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Here's the first-born of a queen ;
Here's a slant-eyed Mandarin.
Would I polish off Japan ?
Would I greet this famous man,
Prince or Prelate, Sheik or Shah ? —
Figaro çì and Figaro là !
Would I just this once comply ?—
So they teased and teased till I
(Be the truth at once confessed)
Wavered, — yielded, — did my best."

Thus he has gratified his friends and the public from time to time, ever since the first of February, 1845, when he wrote a song for the dinner given to Charles Dickens by the young men of Boston, at which time, weaving together the memcry of the greatest dramatist and the rising story-teller, he spoke of the "dewy blossoms" that wave in the "glorious island of the sea,"

"Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb
And Nelly's nameless grave."

Here, I must leave my subject incomplete, for I am not a prophet, and a prophet only can tell what new laurels Dr. Holmes will yet win. But if he should leave us now, he would always be remembered as one who, in many ways, had distinguished himself above his fellows. As a professional man, he has been thorough and successful ; as a man of letters, versa-

tile, brilliant, of the highest culture ; as a citizen, patriotic ; as a man, an exemplification of elegance of manner and kindness of heart. May he live many years, and teach others by his example to practice his virtues !

Though *I* am not a prophet, there was one living in England just three hundred years ago, who, it almost seems to me, had Dr. Holmes in mind when he wrote the following lines, with which I will close :

“ A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal ·
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue, (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

“ May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years.
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument ! ’

WALT WHITMAN.

DURING the summer heats of the Centennial year, a little child less than a year old fell ill and died in its house, in Camden, New Jersey. The funeral was different from most funerals — no sermons, no singing, no ceremony. In the middle of the room the dead lay in a white coffin made fragrant with a profusion of fresh geranium leaves and tube roses. For over an hour, the little children from the neighborhood kept coming in silently, until the room was nearly filled. Some were not tall enough to see the face of the dead baby, and had to be lifted up to look. Near the head of the coffin, in a large chair, sat an old man, with snow-white hair and beard. The children pressed about him, one at each side of him encircled in his arms, while a beautiful little girl

was seated in his lap. After gazing wonderingly and intently at the scene about her, she looked up in the paternal face bending over her, as if to ask the meaning of Death. The old man understood the child's thought, and said :

"You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" then added, "*neither do we.*"

The dead baby was the nephew and namesake of the poet, Walt Whitman, the old man who sat in the great chair with little children gathered about him. So his being a special lover of children, understanding, and sympathizing with them, perhaps, as only a poet may, and nursing, cheering and helping them when sick, as perhaps poets rarely do, or can, must add a peculiar fitness and charm to a sketch of him, especially for young readers.

To go back to the beginning of his life, will take us into a farm house at West Hills, Long Island, about thirty miles from New York city, where the poet was born, May 31, 1819. His father was of English descent, his ancestors being among the first English emigrants that settled on Long Island four or five generations ago. The Whitmans were farmers, both the men and women laboring with their own hands. A famous friend of the poet, thus describes his paternal home :

"The Whitmans lived in a long story-and-a-half house, hugely timbered, which is still standing. A great smoke-canopied kitchen, with vast hearth and chimney, formed one end of the house. The existence of slavery in New York at that time, and the possession by the family of some twelve or fifteen slaves, house and field servants, gave things quite a patriarchal look. The very young darkies could be seen, a swarm of them, toward sundown, in this kitchen, squatted in a circle on the floor, eating their supper of pudding and milk. In the house, and in food and furniture, all was rude, but substantial. No carpets nor stoves were known, and no coffee, and tea or sugar only for the women. Rousing woodfires gave both warmth and light on winter nights. Pork, poultry, beef, and all the ordinary grains and vegetables were plentiful. Cider was the men's common drink and used at meals. The clothes were mainly homespun. Journeys were made by both men and women on horseback. Books were scarce. The annual copy of the Almanac was a treat, and was pored over through the long winter evenings."

It was in this home the poet's father, Walter Whitman, was born. He was a large, quiet, serious man, very kind to children and animals. He was a good citizen, parent and neighbor. The poet's mother,

Lousia Van Velsor, was of Dutch descent, her ancestors, a race of sea folks and mariners, being genuine Hollanders. The Van Velsors were all passionately fond of horses, and Louisa, when a girl, was a daring and spirited rider. As a woman, she was healthy and strong, possessed of a kind and generous heart, and good sense ; she was cheerful and equable in temper, qualities which the rearing of her large family of boys and girls tested and developed to an unusual degree. Her son, the subject of this sketch, who was her second child, always speaks of her as the "dear, dear, mother." At the time of her death in 1873, and that of his sister Martha, which occurred at about the same time, he says :

"They were the two best and sweetest women I have ever seen or known, or ever expect to see."

It was fortunate that in his earlier life he was under the influence of such women, for they became to him the type and model of all womanhood. "It is the character of the *mother*," I have heard of him say, "that stamps that of the child."

But the boy's life on the farm, from the high places of which he could see the ocean, and hear the roar of the surf in storms, was of short duration. While he was still in frocks, his parents moved to Brooklyn, which was then far from being the great city it now

is. Here his father engaged in house-building, while the young Walt went to public school, going every summer to visit the old home at West Hills. Of the events of his childhood, the poet recalls one of pleasant interest. General Lafayette was then on a visit to this country in 1825, and went to Brooklyn, riding through the town in state, with the people lining the street, cheering, and waving hats and handkerchiefs. Even the children of the public schools were given a holiday in which to add to his welcome. As the general rode along, he was induced to stop on his way, and lay the corner stone for a building that was to contain a free public library for young people. There the children came thronging, while some of the gentlemen present were kind enough to lift the smaller ones to safe and convenient places for seeing the ceremony. Among these helpers of the little ones, was Lafayette, who took up the five-year-old Walt Whitman, kissed and embraced the child and then set him down in a good and safe place.

When the boy had reached the age of thirteen, he went to work in a printing office, learning to set type. For three years following, he continued to set type, to read and study, and then, when scarcely seventeen years old, he began to teach school on the Island, in the counties of Queens and Suffolk, and "boarded

round." During this time he made his first essay as a writer, sending a sketch, or story, to the then famous monthly, the "Democratic Review." His article was commended, printed, copied and quoted, — a success brilliant enough to quite turn the head of a youthful aspirant. Other contributions followed, with an occasional "shy" at poetry, until he finally left off "boarding round" and went to New York, beginning work there as a printer and writer. His talent for writing was clever, and for a time he wrote reports, editorials, paragraphs, and the like. Occasionally he attended political meetings, and made speeches. How good an orator he was, I am unable to say. To be brief, during the period from 1837 to 1848, he seemed to have led a nappy, careless, Bohemianish sort of life, making the acquaintance of human existence under a multitude of phases, and becoming especially familiar with the life of the lower classes of people, whose society pleased him better than did that of the rich and the learned. All this broadened and deepened his sympathies, and was a part of that "long foreground" in his career which preceded his fame as a poet.

When about thirty years of age, to use his own words, he "went off on a leisurely journey and working expedition, (my brother Jeff with me) through

all the Middle States and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Lived a while in New Orleans and worked there. After a time plodded back northward, up the Mississippi, the Missouri, etc., and around to, and by way of, the great lakes, Michigan, Huron and Erie, to Niagara Falls and Lower Canada, — finally returning through Central New York and down the Hudson." In 1851 he began the publication of a daily and weekly newspaper in Brooklyn; then sold that out, and occupied himself in house building, which it will be remembered was his father's vocation. He continued in this business until 1855, when his father died, a loss he keenly felt, for his love of kindred is strongly and deeply rooted. About this time he began, after a great deal of writing and rewriting, to put his poems, which then consisted of one foundation piece, so to speak, and which he oddly enough named for himself, and ten or a dozen shorter pieces, to press. He says of this work, that he had great trouble in leaving out the stock "poetical" touches, but finally did. He was at this time at the meridian of life, thirty-five years old.

These poems, when printed and bound, formed a thin quarto volume which was labeled, in large letters, "Leaves of Grass." In the frontispiece was a neatly engraved half length portrait of a youngish

man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, rather jauntily adjusted, a plain shirt with wide collar left open at the throat, one arm a-kimbo, and the hand of the other stuffed in his pantaloon pocket. The face under the broad-brimmed hat, was, however, a study, and one difficult to describe. The mouth seemed to say one thing and the eyes another. This was a portrait of the author at thirty-five years of age, and it may interest possessors of copies to know that this "shirt-sleeve picture" was daguerreotypied from life one hot day in August, by Gabriel Harrison of Brooklyn, afterwards drawn on steel by McRae, and was a very faithful and characteristic likeness at the time. The large head that follows, and which looks like a study from the old masters, so grand and powerful it is, was photographed from life in Washington, in 1872, by Geo. C. Potter and drawn on wood by Linton. A distance of but seventeen years separates the two portraits. One might readily think that half a century had elapsed. But the war lay between, and that was long—long, not to be measured by years.

To come back to "Leaves of Grass," it was issued without the author's name, the printing was poorly done, the publisher was unknown to fame, the style of the poems was different from anything hitherto known under the sun, and altogether the prospect of



WALT WHITMAN AT THIRTY-FIVE.

the "Leaves" was a withering one. A few copies were deposited in New York and Brooklyn for sale but weeks elapsed and none were sold. But very little notice was taken of the book by reviewers, who either thought it beneath their notice, or found it too far beyond their comprehension to attempt a criticism of it, or felt unwilling to hazard a critic's reputation by actually classifying it as literary "fish, flesh or fowl."

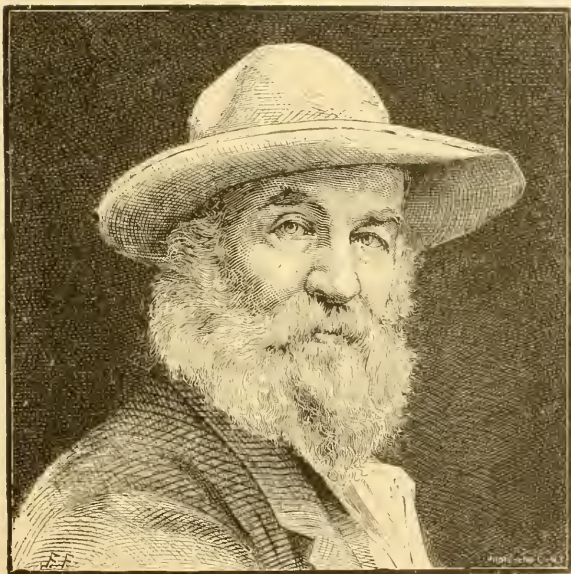
Suddenly, however, from an unexpected quarter came a powerful voice to its rescue. Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke, and his words were a "magnificent eulogium" of "Leaves of Grass." Not even this, however, effected a sale for that first edition. A second, somewhat enlarged, issued in New York, shared the same fate. A third, printed in Boston, in 1860, in a very elegant manner, and still further enlarged, had somewhat better luck. In the financial crash that preceded and followed the outbreak of war, the publishers failed — a few hundred copies of the book had been sold — everything then was forgotten but the weal and woe of the country, and the poet went off (1861-'65) to the war.

The life of Walt Whitman, during those dreadful years which ensued, and which he spent in unpaid service in hospital and camp among the dead, dying, wounded and sick, no one can truly depict. The

poet himself, in his "Memoranda of the War" written on the spot, has best done it, in a style, which for simplicity and forgetfulness of self, is yet the most thrilling and powerfully descriptive record of those sad events, that has as yet appeared, or is likely to appear. He seems to have been all things to all men—as need demanded. Of powerful physique, magnetic, sympathetic, human to his heart's core, he goes among the wounded dispensing food, cordials, writing letters for them, reading to them, praying with them if they wish it, speaking words of cheer, infusing new life in their veins from his own abundance of life, bearing always about him a breeziness of health, freshness, and energy, holding an emaciated hand for hours, may be in silence, kissing a poor dying boy for his mother's sake, penning a love letter for another who will be "gone hence" long before the sadly precious words reach their destination.

He supports himself for two or three years as correspondent for northern journals, and in addition to the little he is enabled to expend from his own income, he is the trusted almoner of bountiful hands—wealthy women in Salem, Boston and New York.

In 1864, after three years of assiduous labor, and latterly of most exhausting watching and waiting upon soldiers whose wounds from the extreme heat



Walt Whitman

and previous neglect have become terrible, his health, which until then had been a marvel of superb robustness, gave way and he was prostrated by the first sickness of his life — was ordered north — and lay ill for six months.

Upon his partial recovery (for he has never recovered), he returned to Washington, and was given a position in the Department of the Interior. A goodly portion of his salary and his leisure hours were devoted to hospital work, and as “prophet, poet, or priest,” the tenderest, heartfulest tribute that can be paid to Walt Whitman must come from the suffering soldier boys he nursed back to life, boys who are men to-day, and whose eyes brighten and moisten at his name, and from the silence of those who died in his arms, and whose requiem he has so touchingly chanted.

Here are some lines from his “Drum Taps” in which the great Mother of All is represented as stalking in desperation over the earth, mournfully crying:

“Absorb them well, O my earth, she cried — I charge you
lose not my sons ! lose not an atom ;
And you streams, absorb them well, taking their dear blood ;
And you local spots, and you airs that swim above lightly,
And all you essences of soil and growth — and you my rivers’
depths ;

And you mountain sides — and the woods where my dear children's blood trickled, reddened ;
And you trees, down to your roots, to bequeath to all future trees,
My dead absorb — my young men's beautiful bodies absorb — and their precious, precious, precious blood ;
Which holding in trust for me, faithfully back again give me many a year hence ;
In blowing airs from the fields, back again give me my darlings — give me immortal heroes ;
Exhale me them centuries hence — breathe me their breath — let not an atom be lost,
O years and graves ! O air and soil ! O my dead are aroma sweet !
Exhale them, perennial, sweet death, years, centuries hence."

As a clerk, Walt Whitman did his work well, poet though he was, mechanical as his work was, and modest as was his pay. We never hear him complaining of the "thankless government." A prejudiced official removes him at one time, because he is the author of that "strange book" — "Leaves of Grass." Another official, of broader mental calibre, re-instates him in the Attorney General's office, because perhaps, that he *is* author of "Leaves of Grass," and a faithful, trustworthy clerk. This position he holds until 1873, when the remnant of strength and health that escaped destruction during the war, yields to nervous paralysis, and helpless and gray, hair and beard by many years prematurely whitened he quits work and goes to Camden, N. J., to live.

These later years of illness have undoubtedly been the hardest years in the life of the poet. Helpless and half sick, his ills have been aggravated by peculiarly trying circumstances. Repeated attempts to secure a small income by writing for the magazines have met with no success. Magazines as well as publishing houses, great and small, have been as so many closed avenues to him, and several of his agents one after another taking advantage of his helplessness, have put the proceeds of the sale of his books in their own pockets. But under all this, no word of complaint, no tone or look of discouragement, for our poet is withal a philosopher. Always cheerful and serene he stands fast and strong, like a great rock lashed about by ocean billows; or like some prophet with gifted sight who sees a-down the vistas of time a shining verdict—one which all men read and see to be true.

Latterly, however, Mr. Whitman has been getting better, and is more resolute and persevering than ever. Many a gleam of sunshine comes to him from friends at home and abroad, especially from England where he is greatly appreciated, and if appreciation be measured by its *quality* rather than by its *quantity*, no poet of the century is more read than he.

During the past twelve months he has prepared

with his own hands an edition of his works, in two volumes, which he himself sells. One is entitled "Leaves of Grass," and the other "Two Rivulets." Both volumes contain his photograph, put in with his own hands, his signature, and are in a way charged with his own personal magnetism—"authors' editions," indeed. The price for these volumes is necessarily high, as the edition is very small, not over one hundred and fifty copies. I think he must make a poor agent for himself, for once when a party proposed to purchase, he quite earnestly advised them not to buy!

As to Walt Whitman's "home" it must be confessed that he has none and for many years has had none in the special sense of "home;" neither has he the usual library or "den" for composition and work. He composes everywhere—much in the open air, formerly while writing "Leaves of Grass," sometimes in the New York and Brooklyn ferries, sometimes on the top of omnibuses in the roar of Broadway, or amid the most crowded haunts of the city, or the shipping by day—and then at night, often in the Democratic Amphitheater of the Fourteenth Street opera house. The pieces in his "Drum Taps" were all prepared in camp, in the midst of war scenes, on picket or the march, in the army.

He now spends the summer mostly at a pleasant

farm "down in Jersey," where he likes best to "loaf" by a secluded, picturesque pond on Timber Creek. It is in such places, and in the country at large, in the West on the prairies, by the Pacific, in cities too — New York, Washington, New Orleans, along Long Island shore where he well loves to linger, that Walt Whitman has really had his *home* and place of composition. He is now 58 years old, and has his "head quarters," as he calls it, at Camden, where a brother resides. It is understood that he is leisurely engaged in still further digesting, completing, and adding to his volumes.

In person Mr. Whitman is tall, erect and stout, and moves about with the aid of a large cane. His white hair, thrown straight back from his brow, and full white beard, give him a striking and patriarchal appearance. His cheeks are fresh and ruddy; his forehead is deeply furrowed with horizontal lines: in conversation his blue gray eyes seem prone to hide themselves under the falling eyelids, which are presently suddenly lifted as if by a thought. His voice is clear and firm, his manner free from all affectation or eccentricity, and is eminently natural and social. He is not specially gifted, or fluent in conversation — is fond of society, and confesses that as he grows older, his love for humanity has come to be almost a hu-

ger for the presence of human beings. He is a great favorite with children, and bachelor as he has been all his life, his nature is as sweet and gentle, his heart is sympathetic and young, as tender and true as if he were the happiest grandsire around whose knees sunny-haired children ever clung.

In his dress he is very simple, but scrupulously neat and clean. His most intimate friends are plenty of cold water and pure air. He always wears his shirts open at the throat — a heathful, but uncommon habit.

Among his "household gods" are two prized portraits; one is of himself, painted some years ago by Charles Hine of New York, who, on his death bed gave it to the poet. The other is a photographic portrait of Alfred Tennyson, sent by the "Laureate" to Whitman. In a letter accompanying the picture, Mr. Tennyson says that his wife pronounces it the best likeness ever made of him — certainly it is a very handsome one, and few copies were made from the plate, as it was, unfortunately, soon after broken.

Of the other Whitman children, none have developed a poetic talent. According to a good humored remark of himself, "they think writing poetry is the sheerest nonsense." Two of his brothers are engineers. One of them, Col. George W. Whitman, was

a gallant army officer during the whole war.

The portraits given with this sketch are characteristic. The third one, with the broad-brimmed hat, he calls his "Quaker picture." His maternal grandmother was a Quakeress.

The autograph accompanying portrait number three, gives a fair idea of the strong, legible script that comes from his pen. He writes with frequent erasures, showing a delicacy and keen sense of fitness in the choice of words that are not readily responded to, owing undoubtedly to a lack of suitable discipline in his early education.

As to his poetry, there are almost as many opinions as there are readers of it. The best judgment one can have of it, is to read it for himself, *study* it, for there is far more in it, at all times, than may at first appear. For readers with rural tastes here are some lines descriptive of a scene in northern New York :

THE OX TAMER.

In a far away northern country, in the placid, pastoral region,
Lives my farmer friend, the theme of my recitative, a famous
Tamer of Oxen :

There they bring him the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds,
to break them ;

He will take the wildest steer in the world, and break him and
tame him ;

He will go, fearless, without any whip, where the young bullock
chafes up and down the yard ;

The bullock's head tosses restless high in the air, with raging eyes;
Yet, see you ! how soon his rage subsides — how soon this Tamer
tames him :

See you ! on the farms hereabout, a hundred oxen, young and
old — and he is the man who has tamed them ;

They all know him — all are affectionate to him ;

See you ! some are such beautiful animals — so lofty looking.
Some are buff color'd — some mottled — one has a white line
running along his back — some are brindled,

Some have wide flaring horns (a good sign) — See you ! the
bright hides :

See, the two with stars on their foreheads — See, the round
bodies and broad backs ;

See, how straight and square they stand on their legs — See,
what fine, sagacious eyes ;

See, how they watch their Tamer — they wish him near them —
how they turn to look after him !

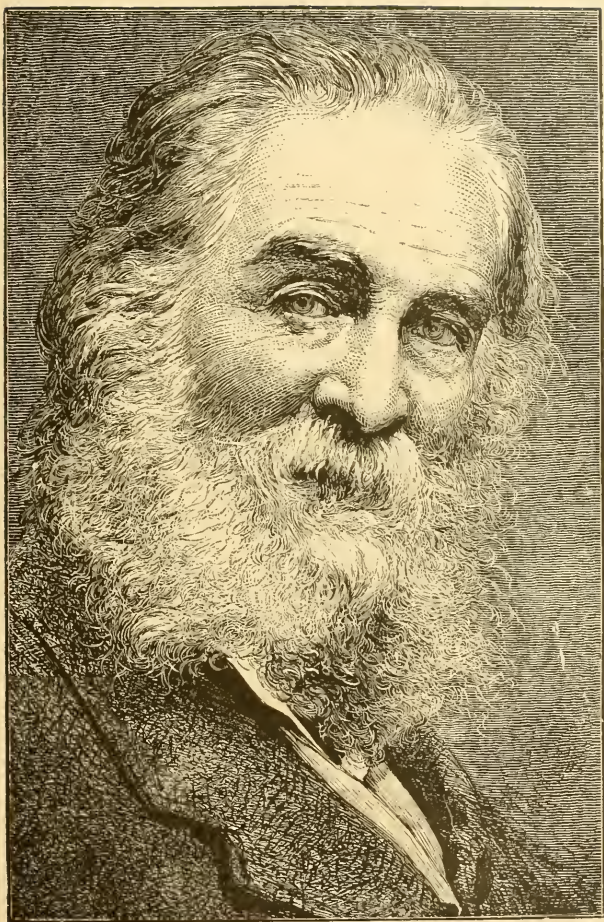
What yearning expression ! how uneasy they are when he moves
away from them :

— Now I marvel what it can be he appears to them, (books, pol-
itics, poems, depart — all else departs ;)

I confess I envy only his fascination — my silent, illiterate
friend,

Whom a hundred oxen love, there in his life on farms,
In the northern country far, in the placid, pastoral region.

In conclusion, I select his poem on "Lincoln —
dead," every line of which sounds like a knell. I
am sure no sadder thrills were ever penned by poet,
every verse seems to have been drawn through the
poet's own bleeding heart :



WALT WHITMAN AT FIFTY-THREE.



'O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring!

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done;

From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

“ **A** POET without a Home ” would not be an inappropriate title for the present article. The other bards mentioned in this series have all domiciled themselves in comfortable quarters, ranging from aristocratic old mansions like Elmwood, or the Craigie House, to such snug suites of rooms as all but very rich New Yorkers must content themselves with. But Joaquin Miller comes pretty near being, like Goldsmith, a citizen of the world. The other day he was praising the gentle temper and kindly modesty of Mr. Longfellow, and suddenly said :

“ What a home he has ! How I envy him, I who

have no home ! How I long for a home, some place I can call my own ! ”

The poet seldom speaks thus, contenting himself, as a rule, with the wild freedom which makes him happy under Shasta to-day and beside the Nile to-morrow. Once, however, as he sat in a room in a New York hotel, whose luxuries were his only for the night, he pointed to a box of quills — real, old-fashioned goose-feathers — and said :

“ There ! that’s all I have in the world, and all I want.”

Omnia mea mecum porto, he might have said were he not, like Shakespeare, the master of small Latin ; for he can carry all his goods in his pocket, save, perhaps his pet saddle, which he would willingly transport down Broadway on his back.

The average reader hardly knows how many famous writers have become familiar under other Christian names than those their parents gave them. Mr. Charles John Hougham Dickens quietly dropped his two middle names, probably concluding that the product of the extremes was equal to that of the means ; Mr. Cincinnatus Heine Miller, in like manner, concluded that he would rather celebrate one name than be celebrated by two, and so invented one for himself. He was born in one of the best parts of Indi-

ana, the Wabash region, on November 10, 1841, and lived there for thirteen years, when Hulings Miller, his father, determined to go to Oregon with his family. That was long before the days of Pacific railroads, and even the weary wagon ride across the plains was neither safe nor expeditious. What with the monotonous drive across the level country, and the difficult passage of the Rocky Mountains, it was three months before the destination, the Willamette Valley, was reached. Of course as little baggage as possible was taken, but household stores and cooking utensils were a necessity ; and it not infrequently happened that prowling Indians, or equally covetous wild beasts, made a swoop for plunder on such little bands of pilgrims.

The long solemn marches by day ; the perilous encampment by night, when watch-fires were built to keep off animals, and muskets were loaded as a precaution against Indian invasion ; the every-day companionship of all that is grand and inspiring in natural scenery — all these things impress a boy quite as much as a man, and to their existence is doubtless due much of young Miller's later love of poetry. He was thirteen years old, an age, when, if ever, come romantic dreams of adventure and discovery. But what other boys were eagerly reading in the novels of

James Fenimore Cooper, was present before Miller's very eyes.

There were seven in the family, four of the children being sons and one a daughter. Eugene City, in Lane County, Oregon, was their new home, but young Cincinnatus was not long content to remain in a region which to most would have seemed sufficiently romantic. The California mining excitement had now been raging for five years, and thither went the lad to try his fortune as a gold-digger. He contrived to make money enough to pay his current expenses, and very likely had, with all the rest, his "flush" days and his months of deepest poverty.

He went back to Oregon in 1859 without the princely fortune he had pictured to himself in his dreams, and was soon stung by one of the most praiseworthy of ambitions, that of getting a little "book-learning." He was still a mere boy, only eighteen, and the books he studied were of an elementary description. It is hard for a lad who has been out in the world to content himself long with the restraints of a school-room, and Miller soon got out of that irksome place.

Artemus Ward once remarked of Chaucer that "he was a great poet, but he couldn't spell;" and we

shall not hurt Joaquin Miller's feelings if we say that both statements are true in his case. The poet, in fact, takes some pride in his phonetic disregard of current orthography, for, as he himself says, "you can't expect a fellow to write, and spell, and do everything."

Then followed a year as pony-express driver, in which the ordinary dangers of a teamster in the western wilds were aggravated by the fact that he must carry the United States mails, which were favorite prey both for Indians and whites. Back again in Eugene City, the miner, express-driver, and school-boy made his belated entry into literature by assuming the editorship of *The Eugene City Review*, to which he soon began to contribute poems signed "Joaquin," a nickname he had brought home with him from California. The publication of this paper was stopped for political reasons. His habit of scribbling verse had been begun long before, but he printed nothing until he became satisfied that the public, that is, *his* public, would like it. Miller is a curious union of utter independence of, and of suitable deference to, the world at large. He writes what he must, and he prints what he chooses.

The poet's migrations were continued by a settlement at Canyon City, in Grant County, Oregon, where



JOAQUIN MILLER.

he unexpectedly appeared as an attorney-at-law, though his legal investigations must have been of a somewhat limited extent. But he was brilliant and industrious, and soon was honored by an election as Judge of Grant County. The cases tried before him were not less interesting and romantic than everything else in his career, but they were not so many as to leave him no time for writing. Poem after poem was written, to be elaborated or thrown away as pleased the poet's fancy.

By 1869, after three or four years' rather monotonous service in his judicial capacity, the poet had accumulated quite a bundle of manuscript, and a selection therefrom was printed at his own expense in a little volume whose circulation was gratuitous. Joaquin wished to see what the public thought of his poetical ambition, and so he sent copies of his book to his friends and to the editors of papers in California and Oregon, nearly all of whom returned a favorable verdict.

Made happy by this expression of opinion in his favor, but longing for the appreciation of a wider and more critical world, Miller went to London in 1870, his family having been broken up in a way that has never ceased to be a grief to the poet. Whether the choice of London was a piece of sagacity or of good

luck, it is not important to discuss, but it was most fortunate that he, of all our poets, went to a place whose literary traditions and fashions were utterly foreign to the themes and the manner of an Oregonian's productions. Arrived in London, he had little money, and so he prudently took humble lodgings in a garret, saving his available funds for the printing of a sample volume of verse. His friend Walt Whitman's first book was shabbily printed on cheap paper by Whitman himself, but Miller, wisely gauging the fastidiousness of the London public, produced his thin volume in the handsomest typography of the Chiswick Press. The collection at once attracted attention, especially of the Rossetti family and other members of the school of poets and artists known as "pre-Paphærites." Between Miller and these people — the Rossettis, Swinburne, Morris, Marston, Payne, and O'Shaughnessy — there was near kinship both in tastes and in style. The Englishmen, sick of formality and artificiality, liked the breezy freedom of the poet of the far west : and he, in turn, was influenced by them in the improvement of his lyrical expression, which lost none of its fire by being impressed within more careful bounds.

The old publishing house of the Longmans, in consideration of the merit of the specimen poems and

the recommendations of Mr. Miller's new and powerful literary friends, brought out a volume of poems, "Songs of the Sierras," in 1871. The poet may almost be said with truth, like Lord Byron, to have waked up one morning to find himself famous. Lord-Houghton, that cheery patron of young literary men, clambered up Miller's attic stairs to find him sleeping under a buffalo robe ; and the long-haired poet, with red shirt, and trousers tucked into his boots, was soon the most noticeable figure in many gatherings of London celebrities. Almost all the leading papers and magazines praised his book, and so, like Washington Irving, Miller was enabled to return to his own country with a reputation already secured. His book was published in Boston the same year, and made a sensation scarcely less, though of course Americans were more familiar with his subjects and general manner than Englishmen could be expected to be.

Since the time of this first great success Joaquin Miller has published six other books : "Songs of the Sun-Lands ;" "The Ship in the Desert ;" "Life amongst the Modocs ;" "The First Fam'lies of the Sierras ;" "The One Fair Woman," and "The Baroness of New York." Of these the Modoc volume is a collection of prose sketches of wild life among the Indians, chiefly written for English readers ; "The

One Fair Woman" is an Italian novel ; and "The First Fam'lies of the Sierras" is mingled sketch and story. The others are poetry, of which the lesser pieces were for the most part already printed in various periodicals. "The Ship in the Desert" and "The Baroness of New York" are longer single works which first appeared in book form.

Mr. Miller's poetry is never prosy, but his prose is hardly less poetical than his verse, especially in its descriptive passages. For instance, Mount Shasta is "lonely as God, and white as a winter moon." It would be hard to choose nine words which should be so daring and yet not irreverent, so carelessly chosen and yet so exquisitely fit. Mr. Miller also has a good sense of humor and describes life in the outskirts of civilization with cleverness and power, both in sketch and story. As a social satirist, or a novelist of life under the old civilizations, he is less successful. Cities he began by cordially hating ; New York, when he entered it for the first time, seemed to him "a big den of small thieves." Later, however, he has gloried in hunting out metropolitan by-ways, and London low life has had no more appreciative observer. Nature, he knows thoroughly and loves with a steady affection ; the abodes of man he either curses too malignantly or magnifies too highly.

We have said that Joaquin Miller is a poet without a home. Although increasing fame has compelled him to live within reach of his publishers, and large literary revenues as author and playwright — for he has written a successful drama, “The Danites” — have come to him, he still retains his fondness for travel, and has laid the old world and three continents under contribution for desultory study. In 1873 he sailed for Europe for the second time and returned in 1875, in time for the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876, which was to him a scene of the greatest interest. While abroad he passed through the Mediterranean to Egypt, which seldom saw a more suggestive sight than this Oregonian, standing reverently beside the Nile or beneath the pyramids. On the way back he lingered long in Italy, which so charmed him that we half began to fear that a second American poet — William W. Story was the first — would be stolen from us by the Italian sky. Venice was specially dear to the poet, and for Rome he felt mingled like and dislike, glorying in its age and hating its squalor. The aim of the “pre-Raphælite” poets to whom we have alluded is to be faithful to nature in the minutest particulars, and yet to make the baldest language glow with feeling. Taking this for a test, was their design ever better fulfilled than in this remarkable

poem on the eternal city? We are sometimes tempted to call it the best thing Joaquin Miller ever wrote, notwithstanding his Indian maidens, Nicaraguan adventures, or Rocky Mountain pictures :

ROME.

“Some leveled hills, a wall, a dome
That lords its gilded arch and lies,
While at its base a beggar cries
For bread and dies ; and this is Rome ;

“A wolf-like stream, without a sound,
Steals through and hides beneath the shore,
Its awful secrets evermore
Within its sullen bosom bound ;

“Two lone palms on the Palatine,
A row of cypress, black and tall,
With white roots set in Cæsar’s hall,
White roots that round white marbles twine ;

“They watch along a broken wall,
They look away toward Lebanon,
And mourn for grandeur dead and gone,—
And this was Rome, and this is all.

“Yet Rome is Rome, and Rome she must
And will remain beside her gate,
And tribute take from king and state
Until the stars be fallen to dust.

“Yea, Time on yon Campanian plain
Has pitched in siege his battle-tents,
And round about her battlements
Has marched and trumpeted in vain.

"These skies are Rome! the very loam
Lifts up and speaks in Roman pride;
And Time, outfaced and still defied,
Sits by and wags his beard at Rome!"

But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" not only that fondness for new-fashioned toys which led Shakespeare to make this famous saying, but also one throb of poetry or one sight of anything that inspires poetry. And so Joaquin Miller, wherever he is, in a pony-express saddle, in an Oregon judge's chair, fighting with Walker in Nicaragua (we had almost forgotten that episode in his career), in a poor London attic, beside the pyramid of Cheops, on the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, or with the newsboys in the cheapest gallery of the theatre where his play is produced, is always a sunny and warm-hearted lyrist, who tries to take the world for all it is worth and to increase its happiness.

Almost every one of our leading American poets is of handsome or striking appearance. But none of them — the kindly-eyed Longfellow, the aged and Socratic Bryant, the brown-haired Lowell, the shaggy Whitman — is more noticeable on the street than Joaquin Miller. When he first startled London, like a fresh chill breath from his own Sierras, he was a weird object. His hat was of the broadest-brimmed

and most ancient variety, his shirt was violent red, his rough trousers were tucked into his cavalier boots, and it was hard to say whether his hands or his watch-chain were adorned with the greatest quantity of "barbaric gold." His hair was very long and fine, and both his beard and hair were of a curious tawny color, not unlike the red gold now in vogue. In later years, whether from a happy thought or the suggestion of some friend I know not, he has assumed less uncivilized apparel, and nowadays, though his coat and cloak are of simple cut, their cloth is of the finest, and a rose or two is apt to bloom in the button-hole. The peculiarity of Miller's face is its sunny smile which is a pleasure to see. In conversation he talks very fast, and with a poet's hatred of too long dalliance with any single subject.

He has as many eccentricities as a dozen ordinary poets; and in opinions as in clothes he is not, in Emerson's phrase, "the slave of his yesterdays." But still, with all his whim-whams and foibles, he is a *poet*, in the sense in which the word is true of Shelley, and Keats, and Swinburne, and James Russell Lowell.

He has never written a children's poem, perhaps because it seems to him the hardest of all tasks to do as it ought to be done. But in one of his Palestine

poems he has given such a pretty picture of the scene when the mothers of Judah brought their little ones to Christ for a blessing that every child will be glad to read it here :

“They brought Him their babes, and besought him,
Half kneeling, with suppliant air,
To bless the brown cherubs they brought him,
With holy hands laid in their hair.

“Then reaching his hands he said, lowly,
‘Of such is My Kingdom ;’ and then
Took the brown little babes in the holy
White hands of the Saviour of men ;

“Held them close to his heart and caressed them,
Put his face down to theirs as in prayer,
Put their hands to his neck, and so blessed them,
With baby hands hid in his hair.”



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

AT the Semi-Centennial of Andover Theological Seminary, on August 4th, 1858, one of the speakers made the following remarks :

“ There is one spot near us which has to me more interesting associations than any other on these grounds. I refer to the Study of the Bartlett Professor. If its unwritten history could be published it would form an interesting chapter in the religious history of our country and of Christendom. It would reveal suggestions of wise forecast, original plans of usefulness, the starting of thoughts and movements and in-

stitutions amidst conference and prayer, the influence of which has gone to the ends of the world. Soon after its occupancy by the second Professor of Rhetoric in 1812, there was established in it a weekly meeting for prayer, and for devising ways and means of doing good. . . . And in this little meeting there were planted and cherished into growth many germs which are now plants of renown and trees of life. In Andover the scheme of Foreign Missions first assumed the visible and tangible form which gave rise to the American Board, and Mills was one of the four students whose names were signed to that memorable paper drawn up here (in this study) and which, after consultation, was presented to the General Association, and led to the formation of the earliest and largest Foreign Missionary Association in our land. Here, too, was instituted the Monthly Concert. The proposal of such a union of Christianity in America as had already existed in Scotland was made and considered at the meeting in this Study.

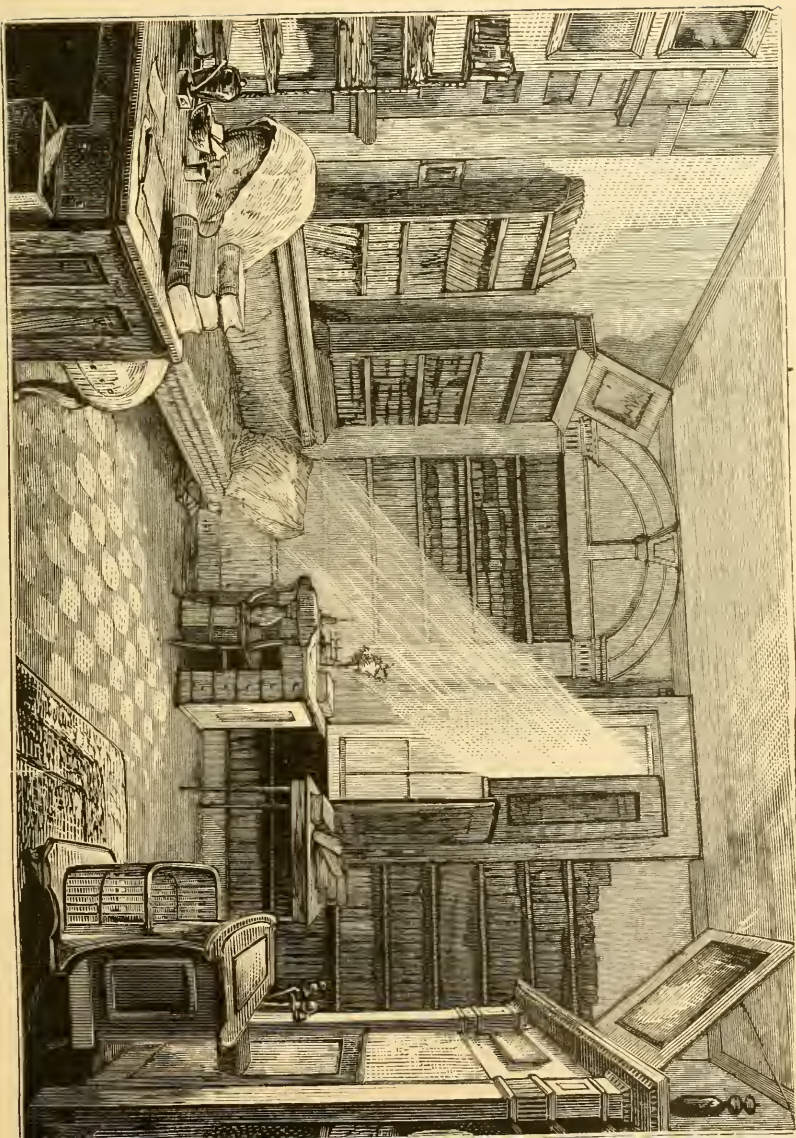
“ In 1813, Dr. Porter (the Bartlett Professor) purchased a little book, when the thought strikes him that by associated action and contribution, religious publications might be made cheaper, and more generally diffused. This thought was presented to the little

meeting of brethren in this Study, and at once grew into the New England Tract Society.

“The question has been more than once raised — ‘Who originated and established the first religious newspaper in the world?’ A witness still living states positively, as a matter of personal knowledge, that the ‘Boston Recorder’ had its birth in Dr. Porter’s Study.

“The want of a Society, national in its operations, for aiding young men in their education for the ministry is felt. It is talked over at the Study-meeting at Andover ; and as the result there arises the American Education Society.

“That the American Bible Society was originated through any influence proceeding from Andover is not affirmed ; yet certain it is that before it was organized in New York the importance of such a national institution, in addition to the Massachusetts Bible Society, was a matter of special consultation in this circle of brethren. And it may be stated with confidence that the American Home Missionary Society was the result of thoughts and suggestions that went forth from this place. Encouragement from this Study organized an Association of Heads of Families for the promotion of Temperance, and the first name on the pledge is E. Porter ; the six following names are of



THE FAMOUS BARTLETT PROFESSORSHIP STUDY, ANDOVER, MASS.

Professors and resident Trustees. Moreover, about this time there was a consultation at this Study which resulted in the formation at Boston of the American Temperance Society.

“More recently, while occupying this Study of hallowed memories, he (Dr. Edwards) determined to devote himself to promoting a better observance of the Sabbath. After laboring only two and a half years he witnessed, as the result mainly of his influence and efforts, a National Sabbath Convention of seventeen hundred delegates from eleven different States, presided over by an ex-President of the Union, John Quincy Adams.”

Imagine entering this august Study a delicate little girl, three years old, with dark-brown hair, large blue eyes, a rather long thin nose, and a mobile mouth never at rest — under one arm a kitten with a pink ribbon tied round its neck, under the other a large doll (Miss Annie) elegantly attired in clothes of unrivalled splendor, a lamb with a blue ribbon half hidden amid its wool following her, and you have Elizabeth Stuart Phelps when she made her first appearance in her present home.

What cares the child for all the wonderful wealth of association garnered in this wonderful Study !

On the sofa sits her mother ; to reach her before the kitten scratches her hand, or the lamb runs away, or the bits of splendor drop from Miss Annie — that is all the child wishes.

Prayer-meetings, “great movements and influences that have gone to the ends of the world” — perhaps a hallowed breath from them all may be lingering here still, and may rest on this young child’s head in a benison, who can tell? The only thing certain is that the kitten, the doll, and the lamb, are not what they seem ; there is a marvellous story to tell mother, — how the doll is a queen, and the kitten is her child, and was drowned, and the lamb was a good man who pulled it out of the water, and gave it some milk, and it wasn’t dead any more, and the queen was glad and took her hank’chef and wiped her tears, and put on her best gown and told her child never to be drowned again ; so they were happy all together and have come to see their mother. And the mother, looking up and smiling, draws the child to her, strokes the resuscitated kitten, bestows words of praise upon the valiant lamb and adjusts the flying splendors of “Queen Anne” with deft and tasteful fingers.

The house occupied by Professor Phelps was originally designed by Dr. Griffin, a man of more taste than judgment, at least in house architecture. He

received from Mr. Bartlett — the donor of the house — liberty to erect such a dwelling as he pleased ; and with little reference to climate or expense he raised a large edifice, handsome and costly for the times in which it was built — 1812 — indeed, handsome and costly now. The main part of the house consisted of two large rooms with a wide hall dividing them. There was a narrow hall, used partly for closets and partly for passage way, separating the parlor from a broad, open piazza facing the west. On the north and south ends of the house were two wings — one was the study, the other the kitchen. The study was on the southern side, a large, high room with six windows, opening to the east, west and south, and an ample fireplace.

Transplant that room to Florida, and one can hardly be imagined more perfect ; but for bleak, cold Andover hill one would almost suspect Dr. Griffin to have come to a late knowledge of its possibilities, when we read that he resigned his professorship before the house was ready for his occupancy. His successor, an invalid, at once proceeded to diminish the proportions of the Study to a livable size. He put in a partition, cutting off four windows, leaving, however, the book-shelves with their arched top, which

had been builded into the walls. Thus it remains until the present day.

Of the room, as it was when Professor Phelps first occupied it, I can give you little idea. Coming into the Professorship, a young man with only a small library, everything was done that could be to give it the home look of a true Study. With limited means, there could be no gathering of costly pictures, statues, or even the more common luxuries of a well appointed library. With his own hands the Professor made some frames of a light wood to hold his few engravings ; but the engravings were those of the masters, and Mrs. Phelps, with rare taste and skill in all matters pertaining to house decoration, and trained from her babyhood to feel that "the study" was to be made *the* room of the house, worked assiduously to furnish such little articles as give to a room that look of grace and culture so few can bestow, so many acknowledge.

Of this mother, who died when Elizabeth was only eight years old, much might be said, but we must content ourselves with the few recollections of her which her child yet retains.

In due course of time the piazza was enclosed and made into a large, inconvenient dining-room ; but here, every winter evening, when "the children's hour" came and the lamps were lighted, Mrs. Phelps took

her two little ones (there was a brother three years younger than the girl) and read to them from the old English poets! Think of these children thus entertained at an age when Mother Goose, or at best some nice, practical story with a good moral, would be considered fit milk for such babes! Stories, too, their mother told them; stories when they were good and when they were naughty, but always classic stories, tinged deeply with old English lore.

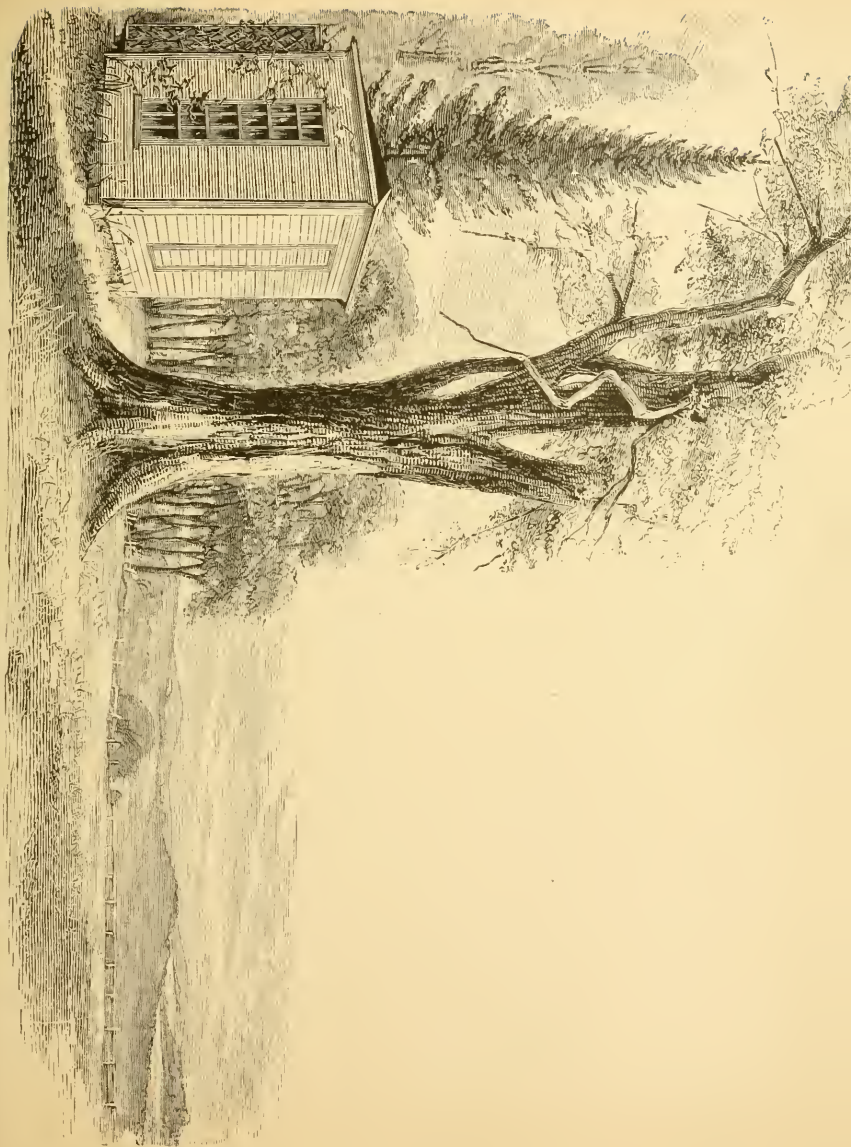
It was no wonder therefore that the little daughter began early in life to make stories of her own.

The grounds surrounding Professor Phelps' house are ample, and laid out in keeping with the house. There are two gardens, one designed for the culture of flowers and choice fruit trees, the other for vegetables. In the lower there is a summer-house, and here, more than anywhere else in the world, was the little Elizabeth's home. It was, literally, a small, square house, very unlike what would be called a summer-house now; but the readers of her juveniles would feel more sympathy with it than with any other of her Homes. Here she could go with her playmates and have a world of her own. A square room with two large windows and a large door offered every convenience and temptation to indulge in any recreation the fancy of the moment

chose. Such dolls' houses as you might have seen, with such queens and kings and princes and princesses ; such weddings and funerals ; such schools and sick beds and nurseries ; such mimic life, — not that scholastic life which the children saw every day around them, but a life read of in the story-books, or dreamed of in the already affluent imagination of this young child. Her mother had read to her of the Indians and of the wonderful discoveries that are made by people digging through mounds, so she collects whatever she thinks best resembles the description of those articles, and buries them in a corner of the garden ; then, having roused her companions to the proper pitch of enthusiasm, she leads them solemnly to the spot and tells them "to dig." Imagine their astonishment when they unearth first one article and then another, until the wonders are all exposed, and the ghosts of the red men seem actually stirring in the still air around them !

Just behind the vegetable garden is a large open field with a pretty little grove of common forest trees in one of its corners. Here was another of our little heroine's Homes ; and here the children spent most of the pleasant summer hours. If this grove could tell tales, I should put up my pen and we would listen to it, for it knows a great deal better than I do what passed

" HERE, MORE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE, WAS THE LITTLE ELIZABETH'S HOME "



under its shadows. It could point out to you the broad branches upon which houses were made with bits of board ; where the squirrels were hunted to their nests, and how the little hands put in rather than took out nuts ; how the boy was "boosted " up long before he could climb, to explore a half hidden nook where they were sure birds were nesting ; how the girls, half shame-faced, yet already with a budding of "equality," followed after, or else went above him, daring him from the slim upper branches to come if he could ; and then, how the three, with torn clothes and scratched hands and faces, sat panting in some deep, cool recess and rested, while the future author peopled for them the whole woods with good and bad fairies until, half scared by the vivid realities she brought, they took to flight, seeking refuge among the grown-up people of a more real world.

When she was eight years old her mother died, and the child's life was changed. Just what it might have been had she lived, who can tell ? Certain it is that in their tastes and aptitudes they were alike. The lonely, dreamy childhood would no doubt have been filled with an active, perhaps rigorous, preparation for the life's work.

For years, now, this child followed nearly the bent of her own will. She was obedient, morbidly consci-

entious, affectionate and care-taking of those she loved. Naturally an artist in its broadest sense, she was always busy creating. As the days of dolls and baby houses, kittens and lambs, went by, she made her own world, peopled it with sentimental and tender personages, and passed through dramatical experiences as unique as unreal. In costume she took especial delight, amusing herself by adjusting bright colors into fantastic dresses, either upon her own slim, tall figure, or upon that of her young play-fellow. Color has always been to her a source of great enjoyment. One of her few remembrances of her mother is of this mother sitting at work with bright worsteds, the shadings of which, as they passed through her thin fingers, lose no jot or tittle of their brilliancy as time goes on. The years of early school-girl life were, as might have been expected, not the pleasantest for such a temperament, yet the girl learned easily and ranked high. It was no effort for her to commit a lesson, excepting in Arithmetic.

But at fourteen years of age a new era in her life began, one to which she looks back, as time goes on, with deeper and deeper gratitude.

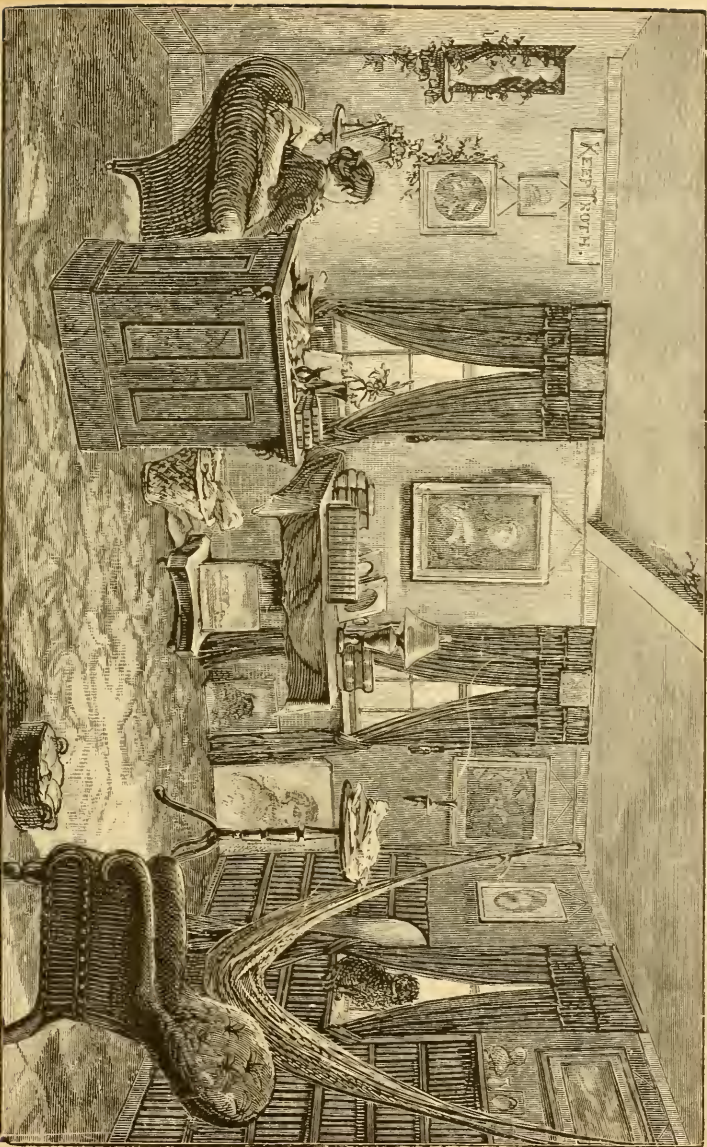
The widow of one of the Andover Professors, a lady of original ability and thorough culture, opened

a school, and to this the young girl was sent. The course of study upon which she at once entered was thorough and marked by a singular adaptation to the wants of the pupils. While there was, of course, a system, there were generous and skilful departures from it, in order to meet the needs of the different minds under training. Psychology in its various branches soon became her favorite study, and she was led along its difficult and intricate paths with a firm, strong hand, and in a manner which to this day elicits her warmest admiration. So with English Literature and the Fine Arts. Of her Latin drilling Miss Phelps speaks also with sincere regard, fully appreciating its thoroughness, and the skill which made the dead a living language to her.

“In short,” she says, “with the sole exception of Greek and the higher mathematics, we pursued the same curriculum as our brothers in college.” Excellent tutoring, this, as will readily be seen, for the life’s work before her. At nineteen, the ordinary modes of education having been followed and a rather extraordinary result obtained, she began the work which she has since so successfully carried on. So far she had clung to her Andover home and her Andover life. Beyond that house which Dr. Griffin had built, that Study of wonderful memories, those ample grounds growing every

year more and more enchanting under her father's tasteful care, the old summer-house (by turns her studio, her study, her parlor and best resting-place), the grove, peopled now by memories instead of fairies, she had no world and no wish to find one. Delicate in health, she could not be induced to exchange the monotony of a very monotonous scholastic life for any other; and therefore, when most young ladies would have been intent on the enchantments of the "coming out," she turned to writing stories and books for occupation. Would you like a glimpse into the room where she wrote the "Trotty" and the "Gipsy" books, beside many shorter stories, all of which I presume the most of our young people have read without knowing to whom they were indebted for them?

This room was a long narrow chamber built over that dining-room where the child first received her lessons in English Literature from her mother. Its one western window looks out upon a view seldom equalled in New England. Just below it lies the summer-house, the terraced gardens, and in the soft meadow next them the beloved grove; beyond these stretched a broad, mountain-broken horizon behind which the sun sets in a glory with which Italy's skies can hardly vie. Writing of a visit to Andover, and of this scenery, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Far



MISS PHELPS' STUDY, ANDOVER, MASS.



to the north and west the mountains of New Hampshire lifted their summits in a long, encircling range of pale blue waves. The day was clear and every mound and peak traced its outline with perfect definition against the sky. Monadnock, Kearsarge, — what memories that name recalls! — and the others, the dateless pyramids of New England, the eternal monuments of her ancient rule, around which cluster the homes of so many of her bravest and hardiest children. I can never look at them without feeling, vast and remote and awful as they are, there is a kind of inward heat and muffled throb in their stony cores that brings them into a vague sort of sympathy with human hearts. It is more than a year since I have looked on those blue mountains, and they ‘are to me as a feeling’ now and have been ever since.”

That they have always been to Miss Phelps “as a feeling” from her earliest childhood, no one familiar with the love of nature inwrought into her writings can doubt.

The room was simply furnished, but in it, more than in any other of her Homes, were garnered the treasures we prize so highly when we stand, tip-toed and eager-eyed, waiting for the lifting of the veil that separates childhood from maidenhood. In this room

hung the chromo of the "Immaculate Conception, of which she writes thus :

"Perhaps you wonder why I chose
This single-windowed little room
Where only at the even-fall
A moment's space, the sunlight's bloom

Shall open out before the face
I prize so dear ; I think, indeed,
There's something of a whim in that,
And something of a certain need.

I could not make you understand
That solitude which sickness gives
To take in somewhat solemn guise
The blessings that enrich our lives.

I like to watch the late, soft light, —
No spirit could more softly come ;
The picture is the only thing
It touches in the darkening room.

I wonder if to her indeed,
The maiden of the spotless name,
In holier guise or tenderer touch
The annunciating angel came.

Madonna Mary ! Here she lives !
See how my sun has wrapped her in !
O solemn sun ! O maiden face !
O joy that never knoweth sin —

How shall I name thee ? How express
The thoughts that unto thee belong ?
Sometimes a sigh interprets them,
At other times, perhaps, a song ;

More often still it chanceth me
They grow and group into a prayer
That guards me down my sleepless hours,
A sentry in the midnight air.

But when the morning's monotone
Begins, of sickness or of pain,
They catch the key and, striking it,
They turn into a song again."

There she wrote "Gates Ajar;" but not long after the publication of that book she found it necessary to make some changes in her mode of life which would give her hopes of firmer health and more quiet in which to pursue her literary work. The summers she spent at the seaside,—East Gloucester, after a few trials of other places, being her chosen resort; and her winter Study was removed from her father's house to the next door neighbor's where she spends the working hours of the day, "having learned," she says, "like the ministers who study in their churches, or the carpenters who go to their benches, the value of a workshop out of the house."

This house is one of the oldest on Andover Hill and its history would be a perfect epitome of the peculiar life of a secluded New England literary town. It has been occupied in turn by Professors, Trustees, Agents, Commons, Stewards, Farmers, yet has retained a character of its own through all the changes.

It is a long, low, extremely plain house, painted white, with plenty of little narrow windows filled with little green panes of glass. Miss Phelps' Study is the southeast corner chamber. It has two windows fronting to the east and to the three brick Andover Theological Seminaries. The broad gravel walk leading to the old chapel with its fine avenue of trees is directly before them, and the Library with its half medieval walls is on one side, with the new chapel on the other. All the day the sun shines in as cheerfully as it can, struggling through those little windows and those little panes. There are subdued green curtains at these windows; and about the room are books, pictures, a few easy chairs, tables, and many of the nothings which make a study pleasant.

Here, Miss Phelps has written all her later books. It is a quaint, old-time room, with big beams coming down from the ceiling, from which a hammock is always suspended, and beams coming out of the corners which are convenient for out-of-the-way belongings; and here, on the southern broad window sill, lies constantly her blue Skye-and-King-Charles terrier, "Daniel Deronda." Miss Phelps has centered all her early love for pets in devotion to dogs. Curious stories might be told of her fondness for a lost

dog, named Hahnemann, and his love for her, did the limits of this article allow; but a sketch of her homes would be incomplete did not "Dan" take



"DANIEL DERONDA."

his place as a prominent figure. Dan is not bigger than a medium sized cat, and is altogether, as some one remarked, "so homely that he is almost handsome." Indeed he seems to affect people facetiously

and to occasion a sort of humor which would alone give him a right to live. "That dorg," said an Irishman pointing to him with a broad smile on his red face, "came jist near being no dorg at all." But, little as he is, he has for his mistress, one of the biggest of hearts. His bark of delight when he finds her after a short separation is touching to hear, and his jealous and chivalric care of her is ludicrous in the extreme. Sitting on his small haunches, he boldly defies the world to molest her, and has been known to attack a dog ten times his size, when he thought the Newfoundland's approach meant evil. Noble little bit of a Dan! It is not too much to say that he could teach lessons of reverence, fidelity and love, for the learning of which the whole human race would be better.

Miss Phelps's Andover home, however, remains with her father and step-mother, the value of whose kind friendship many years have tested.

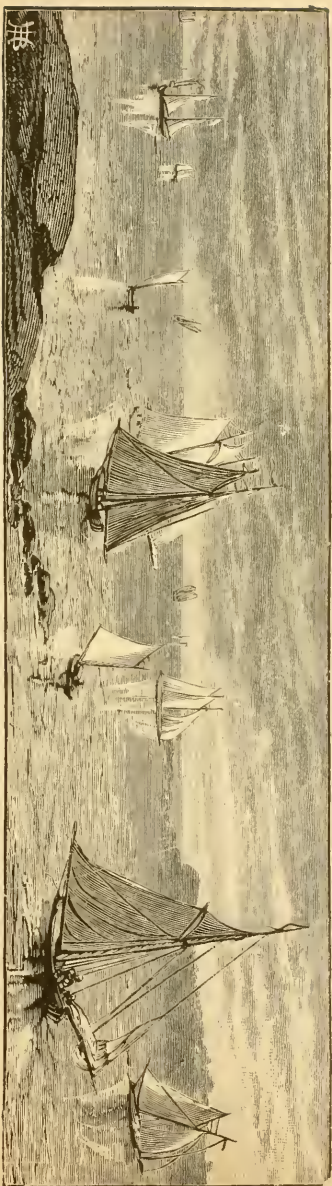
The situation of her summer home at Gloucester can find no more fitting description than the one Miss Phelps has herself given in her story, "The Voyage of the America." Writing upon the view of the rocks on which her house stands, she says :

"Upon the rich and tortured hues which the beating water and the bursting fire opened for my pleasure

ages ago, falls the liquid August sunlight as only Gloucester sunlight falls, I think, the wide world over. Through it the harbor widens, gladdens to the sea; the tide beats at my feet a mighty pulse, slow, even, healthy and serene. The near waves curve and break in quiet colors across the harbor's width; they deepen and purple if one can place the blaze of the climbing sun upon them. A shred or two of foam curling lightly against the cliffs of the western shore whispers that far across the broad arm of the Point the sleeping east wind has reared his head to look the harbor over. Beneath the bright shade of many-hued sun-umbrellas the dories of the pleasure people tilt daintily. At the distance of nearly two miles, the harbor's width, I can see the glitter of the cunners, caught sharply from the purple water, as well as the lithe, light drawing of a lady's hand over the boat's side against the idle tide. All along the lee shore, from the little reef, Black Bess, to the busy town, the buoys of the mackerel nets bob sleepily; in and out among them, with the look of men who have toiled all night and taken nothing, glide the mackerel fishers, peaceful and poor. The channel where the wind has freshened now is full. The lumber schooner is there from Machias, the coal bark bound for Boston, the fishing sloop

headed to the Banks. The water boat trips up and down on a supply tour. A revenue cutter steams out and in importantly. The government lighter struts by. A flock of little pleasure sails fly past the New York school ship, peering up at her like curious canaries at a solemn watch-dog. A sombre old pilot-boat, indifferent to all the world, puts in to get her dinner after her morning's work, and the heavily weighted salt sloop tacks to clear the Boston steamer turning Norman's Woe. And Norman's Woe! the fair, the cruel, — the woe of song and history, — can it ever have been a terror? Now it is a trance. Behind is the Hendsa greens of the rich inhabited shore closing up softly; upon it the full light falls; the jagged teeth of the bared rock round smoothly in the pleasant air, the colors known to artists as orange chrome and yellow ocher and burnt Sienna caress each other to make the reef a warm and gentle thing.

Beyond it stirs the busy sea. The day falls so fair that half the commerce of Massachusetts seems to be alive on its happy heart. The sails swarm like silver bees. The black hulls start sharply from the water line, and look round and full, like embossed designs, against the delicate sky. It is one of the silver days, dear to the hearts of the dwellers by the shore, when every detail in the distance is magnified



GLoucester Harbor.—THE SUMMER HOME OF MISS PHELPS.

and sharp. I can see the thin fine line of departing mast heads far, far, far, till they dip and utterly meet. Half Way Rock, — half way to Boston from my lava gorge, — rises clear-cut and vivid to the unaided eye as if brought within arm's length by a powerful glass. And there the curved arm of Salem shore stretches out, and Marblehead turns her fair neck towards us ; in the faint violet tinge of the outlines I can see pale specks where houses cluster thickly. Beyond them all, across the flutter of uncounted sails which fly, which glide, which creep, which pass and repass, wind and interwind, which dare me to number them, and defy me to escape them — dim as a dream, and fair as a fancy, I can distinctly see the long, low, gray outline of Cape Cod."

The house itself is built upon a lot of greensward which runs down amid some great, beetling rocks. It is the cunningest nook in all the world to hold the home of one who loves the sea — you feel inclined to apply to it Miss Phelps own words :

" If it might only be
That on the singing sea
There were a place for you to creep
Away among the tinted weeds and sleep,
A cradled, curtained place for two.

You would choose just this, and no other.

It is a two story brown cottage, with doors and windows opening out upon a piazza, which is built across the side facing the sea.

Upon the interior Miss Phelps has bestowed much of the peculiar artistic taste, which distinguishes her. The parlor is a long narrow room tinted with a delicate green shade, not a sea green, but the green one catches in the opal of a wave as the sunset lights it.

In the other rooms of the house the same taste has directed that one should be rose pink, another robin's egg blue, another delicate shades of buff and brown, another the native colors of the wood.

The house is filled with the remembrances of those who love her ; and, with the books and pictures that she loves and with the constant society and sympathy of friends, the lady whom you know as the author of "Gates Ajar" and "The Story of Avis" here draws into her quiet days and invalid life the courage and the calm of the summer sea.

I cannot close this sketch more happily than by quoting from her "Saturday Night in the Harbor :"

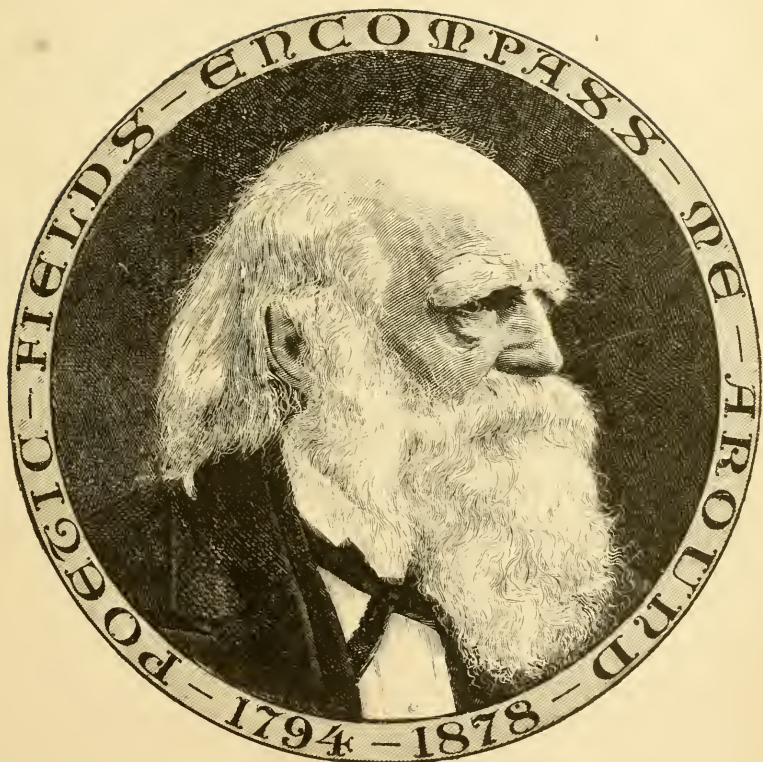
"The boats bound in across the bar,
Seen in fair colors from afar,
Grown to dun colors, strong and near,
Their very shadows seem to fear
The shadows of a week of harms,
The memory of a week's alarms,

And quiver like a happy sigh
As ship and shadow drifting by
Glide o'er the harbor's peaceful face
Each to its Sabbath resting-place.

And some like weary children come
With sobbing sails, half sick for home ;
And some, like lovers' thoughts, to meet
The velvet shore, spring daring, sweet ;
And some, reluctant, in the shade
The great reef drops, like souls afraid
Creep sadly in ; against the shore
Ship into shadow turneth more
And more. Ship, ocean, shadow, shore,
Part not, nor stir forevermore."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHEN William Cullen Bryant was born, Byron was an active little fellow, six years old ; Shelley was learning to walk ; the young Wordsworth, in the depths of poverty, had contrived to bring out two thin volumes of poetry, bearing the stilted titles of "The Evening Walk, Addresses to a Young Lady," and "Descriptive Sketches taken during a Tour through the Alps ;" Walter Scott was studying German, and thinking of publishing, as his first book, a couple of translations from that language ; Coleridge was selling his manuscript poems to a generous friend ; Lamb was happy over the getting of a desk in the East India house ; and Gœthe was writing the closing chapter of "Wilhelm Meis-



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ter." Washington was President of the United States ; Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury ; Aaron Burr was in the Senate ; young Andrew Jackson, having married Rachel Donelson, was practising law in Nashville ; John Quincy Adams was beginning his political career as minister to Holland ; Jefferson, deeming his public life at an end, was cultivating his Monticello farm ; and the whole country was still mourning the recent death of Franklin ; while abroad, George the Third sat on the English throne ; and Napoleon Bonaparte, a young Corsican officer, had just attracted no little attention by his brilliant reduction of Toulon.

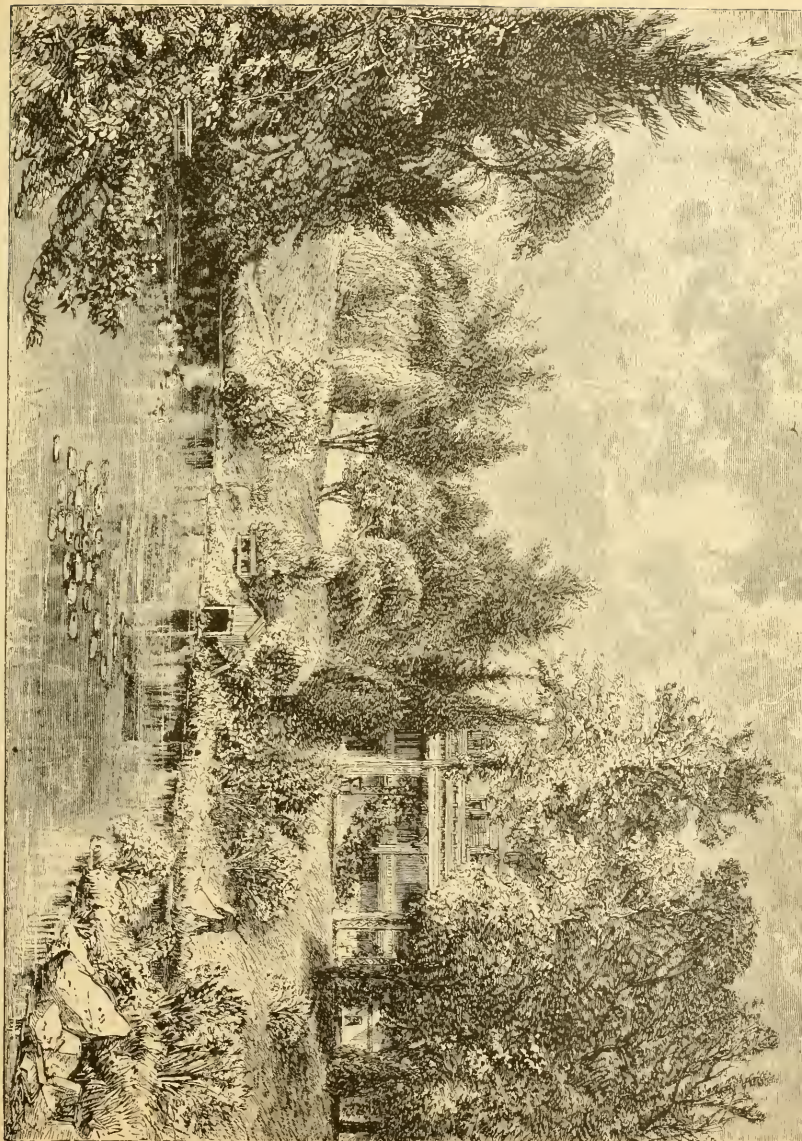
There is no need to say, therefore, that Mr. Bryant's literary life, beginning in 1804 and ending in 1878, was virtually contemporary with the whole growth of American literature. Of all our eight thousand two hundred and seventy-five periodicals, not a dozen were published in 1794, the year of Mr. Bryant's birth. Surely an author who was the senior of seven presidents of the United States, and whose literary career in New-York alone was uninterrupted from 1826 to 1878, might fairly be called a living history of American letters. Only Richard Henry Dana, Senior, of all our surviving poets, was born before Mr. Bryant ; but the latter, unlike his Massa-

chusetts friend, who has long lived in retirement, was an active worker up to the day of his death in that most perfunctory and imperious of literary pursuits, the editing of a daily newspaper.

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794. Cummington, a little Hampshire County town, was a small village then, and to-day it contains barely a thousand inhabitants. But, besides giving birth to Bryant, it is proud to number among its natives Luther Bradish, a New York politician of note, in his time, and Henry L. Dawes, one of the present senators from Massachusetts. There seems to be something in its fresh mountain air favorable to longevity; for the Rev. Dr. Snell, one of Cummington's sons, baptized and buried the people of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, for the space of sixty-four years.

The scenery of Cummington, with its nooks and fields, and dashing Westfield river, gave the boy Bryant his first liking for, and knowledge of, Nature. His father, Dr. Luther Bryant, the village physician, was both guide and friend, teaching his little son how to think wisely and how to write well, as well as leading him through the natural scenery which became almost a part of his very self. What was his father's nature, and what the value of his teachings, Mr.

"CEDARMERE," MR. BRYANT'S SUMMER HOME AT ROSLYN, L. I.



Bryant has told us in more than one poem. This is from the "Hymn to Death:"

"He is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life offered me to the
muses.

When the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes,
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
When thou wert gone.

This faltering verse, which thou
Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave,—this, and the hope
To copy thy example."

"O'erlook," in this quotation, is an unfortunate word; but to supervise, and not to pass by, is its evident meaning. This "Hymn to Death" was not written until 1825. Two years later, Bryant mentioned his father and his loved sister in equally affectionate language:

"Then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave,—the beautiful and young."

Similar fervent tributes to their fathers, to whom they felt that they owed an equal debt, have been

paid by other famous American poets ; notably by Holmes in the lines ending :

“ Now, from the borders of the silent sea,
Take my last tribute ere I cross to thee ! ”

It was well that Dr. Bryant exercised a critic's wisdom in pointing out his son's defects of style, and physician's discretion in caring for his health ; for the boy was writing verses at the age of nine, and at ten saw one of his poems printed in a local newspaper. Those were stirring political times, from 1805 to 1815, and the young poet's thoughts, as he grew into his teens, turned to national subjects. “ The Embargo,” by Bryant, appeared in 1809, and very accurately reflected the hatred commonly felt in New England toward the prevailing policy of the national administration. The little volume which contained this vigorous piece of satire was printed in Boston at Dr. Bryant's expense. It contained a few general poems — an ode to the Connecticut river and a poem on Drought, among others. These two are wonderful pieces for a boy of fifteen to write, though to the reader of to-day they seem like clever parodies of the poet's maturer style. Probably the records of literary precocity from the days of Chatterton down to little Lucy Bull and the Goodale sisters have never shown a more remarkable example.

The poem of "Thanatopsis" was written in Cummington when Bryant was in his nineteenth year, and in 1816 it was published in *The North American Review*. That periodical would now seem the last place in which to look for poetry. But it had been started in 1815, the year before it printed "Thanatopsis," as a bi-monthly magazine, devoted to articles in general literature, as well as the reviews and political papers to which it afterwards gave up the whole of its space. As first printed, "Thanatopsis" was somewhat shorter than in its present form; and the author afterwards changed a few expressions. When the poem was sent to the office of the *Review*, that periodical was conducted by a club, of which R. H. Dana was chairman for the time being. With it was submitted the lines afterward called an "Inscription on the Entrance to a Wood." Somehow, Dana got the impression that "Thanatopsis" was written by the young poet's father, Dr. Bryant, then a member of the State Senate. So he ran over to the State-house to see how the author of so notable a production looked. He was disappointed in his search for particular evidences of poetical ability in the face; but he did not learn of his mistake until 1821, when the real author went to Cambridge to deliver his poem of "The Ages" before the Phi Beta Kappa society of

Harvard University. For five years, therefore, *The North American Review* was ignorant of the authorship of the most famous article it ever printed.

Though the majority of Mr. Bryant's long literary life was spent in and near New York, Massachusetts may fairly be called his literary home. He was the poet of Nature, and the Nature of his poems is that which smiles across New England meadows or frowns behind New England hills. Not until he was thirty-two years old did he leave western Massachusetts. In 1810 he entered Williams College. Williamstown, the seat of the college, lies in the northern part of Berkshire county, in the midst of the peerless hills and the bold scenery which have made the region famous. At Williams, Bryant did not graduate, though the college was afterwards proud to give him his bachelor's degree. Oddly enough, this was also the experience of the venerable Dana at Harvard. After practising law a brief time in little Plainfield, also in western Massachusetts, Mr. Bryant returned to Berkshire and settled in Great Barrington, which was his home for ten years. That town, by its situation and scenery, doubtless influenced his poetry more than any other of his places of residences.

Great Barrington is a fit home for a poet. The gentle Housatonic River, having idly passed by

MR. FRYANT'S FAVORITE SEAT AT CEDAR MERE.



Lenox and Southbridge, saunters through green meadows and hides beneath dark hills until it reaches Sheffield, a few miles below. To the north, rugged and forbidding, rises Monument Mountain, famous for that wild leap of the Indian girl which forms the subject of one of Bryant's finest poems. Toward Egremont on the west and New Marlboro on the east, the country roads ascend gently sloping hills. The town itself lies half hidden beneath tall elms that seem to share the river's calm.

In Bryant's time, the green growth of grass and leaves was less disturbed than now; but, even to-day, one may easily see what inspiration surrounded the poet. The modern visitor needs but to walk from the gray Episcopal church to the silent graveyard at the southern end of the village. This walk beneath generous elms, the path now skirting the street and now climbing the hill above, is enough to make the dullest observer *think* poetry even if he cannot write it.

In 1825 Mr. Bryant removed to New York, having concluded, as Longfellow, Lowell, and other famous poets have done, to abandon law for literature. He had accumulated quite a number of poems, for so fastidious a writer, in his Great Barrington residence; and when, on his removal, he assumed the editorship

of *The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine* (afterwards called *The United States Review and Literary Gazette*) he was able to produce several fine pieces in rapid succession, among which were "The Death of the Flowers," "The Indian Girl's Lament," and "The African Chief." Under Bryant's editorship, this monthly also contained the new poems of Dana, R. C. Sands and Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose "Marco Bozzaris" first appeared in its pages.

Between 1827 and 1830 appeared three issues of "The Talisman," a literary annual of the fashion once so popular both in this country and in England.

It was by far the best work of its kind ; and, to this day, its neat little volumes with their green sides, gilt tops, clear type and delicate steel-engravings, are the aristocrats of the old book stands.

"The Talisman" was wholly written by Bryant, Gulian C. Verplanck and Robert C. Sands, Verplanck writing about half of the whole. Bryant's prose contributions to it are especially worth hunting out by the curious. They are written in the finished style of the "Knickerbocker School," — a style suggesting comfort and sober luxury both in literature and life ; and they are noted for the delicacy of their humor. Not every modern reader knows that Bryant could write a forcible and interesting prose story ; but

his few writings in that line are really worth comparison with the tales of Irving.

But the greater part of Mr. Bryant's prose appeared in *The Evening Post* of New York, upon which he took an editorial position in 1826, and with which he was connected up to the day of his death. A daily paper, twenty-four hours after its issue, is a poor dead thing ; but neither its ephemeral value nor its inexorable demands discouraged the active pen of the veteran editor. Mr. Bryant willingly put the same care and honesty into a perishable editorial which he bestowed upon a poem. In a long run this faithfulness tells ; and to it is largely due the solid reputation and influence of the paper he built up.

The whole body of Mr. Bryant's writings, aside from his uncollected editorial work, is not large. One volume of moderate size contains all his poems ; his books of travel he did not care to retain in print ; and a very small corner of the shelf contained all his books until the appearance of his translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the stately first volume of the *History of the United States*, which he began to prepare with the aid of Sidney Howard Gray.

Like Gray and Collins, Bryant chose to write little and to write well. He was always a stern critic of his own work and did not hesitate to change his man-

uscript after it had left his hands. Some stanzas which did not quite suit him would say themselves over and over again until the right word or phrase came at last, and the correction was made. But this revision was, for the most part, before publication; for when one of Bryant's poems was printed its author, as a rule, permitted it to stand.

It is said that Mr. Bryant hardly shared the popular opinion that "*Thanatopsis*" is the best of his poems; nor was it unnatural that he should resent the ill-considered praise of those who did not seem to know that he wrote anything in the sixty-three years since the appearance of his famous meditation on death.

The William Cullen Bryant of 1878, up to the very day of his fatal attack last May, was one of the most familiar figures in the streets of New York. His hair and beard were snowy white, and his overhanging eye-brows and deep-set eyes gave him an air of intense thought. Not even Longfellow or Walt Whitman so closely resembled some Greek philosopher.

In one sense Bryant, in his later years, seemed far younger than he was; in another, one might readily fancy that he had lived for centuries. A man of so reverend appearance seems almost independent of time. His striking face has always been a great fa-



vorite with photographers and artists in crayon. Persons who had only seen his portraits were apt to be disappointed when they met him, to see no more massive a figure. But Mr. Bryant, though slight and latterly somewhat bent with years, had none of the unshapeliness or haggardness of old age, and his port was a pleasure to see.

It is pretty hard to give the outside of a New York house any of the characteristic attractiveness which so soon becomes apparent in an author's home in a country town. In the city nearly every house is like its next neighbor, and only its interior becomes at all individual.

For some years Mr. Bryant's city home was number twenty-four West Sixteenth Street, between Union Square and the College and Church of St. Francis Xavier. As it was entirely unpretentious without, so it was handsome rather than splendid within. It was a *home*, not a mere house; and it was filled with the paintings, and marbles, and rich books, which a poet likes to gather about him.

The death of his wife, ten or twelve years ago, led Mr. Bryant to seek solace in his Homeric translations; since that time the head of his household has been his daughter Julia, who was her father's constant companion. From this Sixteenth Street home Mr.

Bryant, to the last, walked to his office every weekday and to his church every Sunday. The horse-cars would pay sorry profits were all New Yorkers as rigorous pedestrians as he. The new office of *The Evening Post* is more than two miles distant from his Sixteenth Street home, but the active old man scorned to make his trips thither on wheels. He even, when the elevator happened to be full, sturdily walked up to the editorial rooms, nine flights above the sidewalk. Such a pull as this seems formidable to many a man of a quarter of his years.

This hardihood was the result, in Mr. Bryant's case, of regular exercise before breakfast with Indian clubs, and of abstinence from narcotics and intoxicants. Even tea and coffee he used sparingly, chocolate being, on the whole, his favorite beverage.

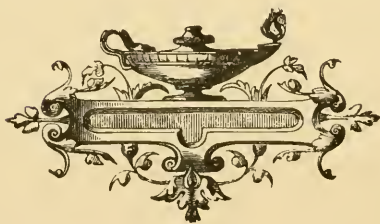
One of Mr. Bryant's most agreeable characteristics was his accessibility and his kindness toward younger and obscurer men. No artificial dignity hedged him about in house or office ; for his natural grandeur commanded respect from the most careless. He was much in company ; he not infrequently presided over important meetings, and at the head of social and civic tables he was a great favorite. Being popular at such gatherings he was naturally happy thereat, and such recreation proved to him refreshing

rather than exhausting. His physician was undoubtedly wrong in thinking that they predisposed him to his fatal attack.

For more than thirty years Mr. Bryant's summer home was in the Long Island village of Roslyn, in Queen's County on the Sound, some twenty-five miles from New York. The little village has scarcely seven hundred inhabitants and is a part of the township of North Hempstead. Its name was given it by Mr. Bryant, who also presented to the village a neat public hall. His local attachment was strong; and even to Cummington, after many a long year, he thoughtfully gave a well-chosen public library, a mile from his birth-place which he owned and visited annually.

"Cedarmere," the poet's home at Roslyn, is a rambling old-fashioned house, surrounded by lofty trees and long reaches of green grass. It is homelike with the generous wealth of cheer which comes only with years. No mere summering-place would satisfy Bryant. Here, within reach of New York and his newspaper (a steamer plies to and fro daily), he sought and found, in the rare prospect in the distance and in the rich adornment near at hand, both rest and inspiration. His son-in-law, Parke Godwin, was a near neighbor; but still nearer neighbors were the trees and the very blades of grass he knew so well.

And now, as he rests in the little Roslyn graveyard,
the grass and the leaves seem still his closest friends.
The mourners have gone away, but Nature folds her
poet in her own bosom.



NORA PERRY.

MOST readers of current literature are familiar with the name of Nora Perry, and with some, if not all, of her poems.

The grace and the beauty which characterize her verses have made them general favorites, and the names of some of them, as for example, "After the Ball," and "Tying her Bonnet under her Chin," have become household words.

When, three years ago, J. R. Osgood & Co., brought out a collection of these poems in a beauti-

ful volume, one of the critics of the press, alluding to her remarkable facility of musical versification, called her a "fairy singer"; and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who is herself one of the sweetest of our poets, said at that time, "There are many noble poets in this country, but few since Edgar Poe so purely lyrical as Nora Perry. Her songs seem to sing themselves, and their music bubbles up like the notes from the throat of a bird, one phrase answering the other in exquisite melody, till it seems as if tune and echo could do no more."

If my young readers wonder at these words of lofty praise, they have only to turn to Miss Perry's volume to find them verified.

Take the opening stanzas of "In June" as an illustration :

"So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing;
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming bird a-going
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee;

"So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing everywhere;
So sweet the waters' song through reeds and rushes;
The plover's piping note, now here, now there."

How charmingly musical is this description of the golden days of early summer! The poem, like

many of her others, is a picture, nay, more than a picture, for so vividly are the scenes brought before us, we seem to enter personally into their gladness and beauty. It *is* summer while we read, no matter though the winds of winter are blowing. And for the moment we can hear the song of the bird and the drowsy hum of the bee.

So, too, as we read "Jane," that gem of a poem we *see* the rain-drops lie sparkling upon the leaves, and we are certain we really smell the fragrance of the flowers after the refreshing summer shower.

Nora Perry's poems are especially interesting to the young, for she, more than most poets, has spoken to them.

That swinging, laughing poem of "Polly," which was first published in *Our Young Folks'* Magazine, is no doubt familiar to many readers of these volumes who may have heard it often recited, perhaps may have recited it themselves at school exhibitions and festivals, quite ignorant of the author's name, since it is always to be found in the newspapers, from Maine to Minnesota :

POLLY.

"Who's this coming down the stairs,
Putting on such lofty airs ;

With that hump upon her back,
And her little heels click, clack ?
Such a funny little girl,
With a funny great long curl
Hanging from a mound of hair ;
And a hat way back in the air,
Just to show a little border
Of yellow curls all out of order.
She's a silly girl, I guess,
I'm glad it isn't — Why, bless
My soul ! it's our little Polly
Tricked out in all that folly !
Well, I declare, I never
Was so beat ; for if ever
There was a sensible girl,
I thought 'twas little Polly Earl.
And here — Well, it's very queer
To come back, after a year,
And find my Polly changed like this, —
A hunched-up, bunched-up, furbelowed miss,
With a steeple of a hat
And her hair like a mat,
It's so frightfully frowzled
And roughed up and tousled !
O Polly, Polly ! — Well, my dear,
So you're glad grandfather's here ?
And I confess that kiss
Does *smack* of the Polly I miss, —
The girl with the soft, smooth hair,
Instead of this kinked-up snare
What ! you're just the same Polly,
In spite of all this folly ?
And what is that you say,
About your grandmother's day,
That you guess the folly
Hasn't just begun ? — O Polly,
If you could only have seen

Your grandmother at eighteen!
What's that about the puffs
And the stiffened-up ruffs
That they wore in the time
Of your grandmother's prime?
And the big buckram sleeves
That stood out like the leaves
Of the old-fashioned tables;
And the bonnets big as gables,
And the laced-up waists — Why, sho,
Polly, how your tongue does go!
Little girls should be seen, not heard
Quite so much, Polly, on my word.
O, I'm trying to get away,
Eh, from your grandmother's day,
But I'm not to escape
Quite so easy from a scrape?
What, you expect me to say
That your grandmother's day
Was as foolish as this? —
Polly, give me a kiss;
I'm beaten, I see —
And I'll agree, I'll agree
That young folks find
All things to their mind;
And in your grandmother's time,
When I too was in my prime,
I've no doubt, Polly,
I looked at all the folly
Connected with the lasses
Through rose-colored glasses,
As the youths of to-day
Look at you, Polly, eh?
But I've given you fair warning
How older folk see; so, Polly, good-morning."

Then the two poems, glowing with patriotism, and infused with the bright, impressible spirit of youth, that of the Boston boys who

“protested,
When they thought their rights molested.”

and “Bunker Hill in 1875,” which latter was published in the *WIDE AWAKE* of that year. Both have found an enduring home in the hearts of all New England boys; while “After the Ball,” the piece which gives the title to Miss Perry’s volume of poems to which we have referred, has been upon the lips of how many bright, sunny-hearted girls, who, dreaming of the future and what it holds in store for them, after some gay gathering, like Maud and Madge have

“—sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

“Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

“Robes of satin and brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

“And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

“Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.”

Although Miss Perry is best known as a poet, she, nevertheless, has been a successful writer of prose, and many of her stories have touched the popular heart; those for younger readers being especially happy in construction and dialogue. “Bessie’s Trials at Boarding School” is one of the best. It is a delightful story, indeed, for a reader of any age, its only fault being its brevity. This, with other stories of a like nature, was brought out in a volume by D. Lothrop & Co., in 1876, as a Christmas book.

Miss Perry’s home is in Providence, in little Rhode Island, though she was a Massachusetts girl, and is so much in Boston that many persons have an idea that her fixed residence is there.

To reach this home we go up over one of the beautiful hills for which Providence is noted, and, entering a quiet street, stop at last before a modest little house shaded by two branching elms. But it is

not the exterior, it is the interior in which we are most interested, for it is there that Nora Perry's individuality has opportunity to express itself. Admitted to this interior we are shown into a charming room of which we take fascinated observation while we await the coming of its fair mistress.

The heavy drapery of the windows gives the room a soft, subdued light, but quite sufficient to enable us to discover its artistic arrangement. If it is winter a bright open wood fire is burning before us. On the walls, all about, are pictures — pictures everywhere ; bits of painting, beautiful engravings, and choice specimens of photographic art. In a corner stands a wide writing table, and close beside it a book-case filled with books.

This corner is our lady's work-shop, the nook where our sweet singer's songs are penned.

While still interested with our pleasant surroundings the door opens, and our poet enters. She is small in stature, a blonde of the purest type. She comes forward to welcome us with a quiet, graceful manner, reminding us of the graceful movement of her own verses.

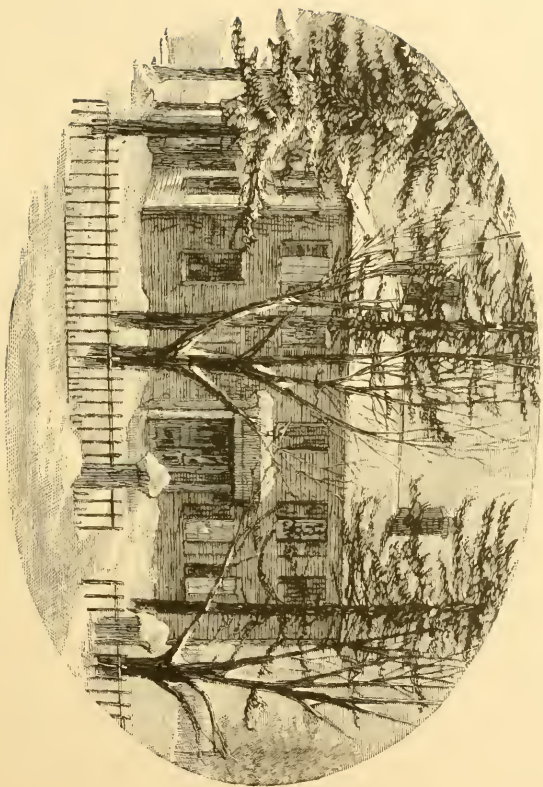
What we notice more particularly about Miss Perry is the bright smile which, as the conversation changes from one interesting theme to another, lights

her face with a beauty never found in the features of persons of less highly organized natures ; a smile which indicates the elastic and sympathetic temperament, which rises above the annoyances of this world and somehow lifts you with it.

As you see and feel all this, you do not wonder that the critics have characterized her poems as "healthy," a term full of meaning in these days of lugubrious sentimental rhyming. And as we turn away from our poet and her enchanting work-shop, as we say good-by to the pretty, quaint room, and the poet herself, we naturally recall the words of that eminent critic, E. P. Whipple, who, in summing up the influence of Miss Perry's poems, says : "The trouble with most female poets is that they are apt to use verse merely to celebrate their sombre or discontented moods. They set wretchedness to music. But here is a poetess who is all alive with the spirit of sweet content and glee. She sings as a bird sings, from an abounding, overflowing joy of heart."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE home of Emerson is in Concord, Mass., as everybody knows. It is a plain, square, wooden house, standing in a grove of pine trees which conceal the front and side from the gaze of passers. Tall chestnut trees ornament the old-fashioned yard through which a road leads to the plain, yellow barn in the rear. A garden fills half an acre at the back, and has for years been famous for its roses which are the especial pride and care of the mistress of the house and are freely given to all who wish them ; this



HOME OF EMERSON.

garden also has a rare collection of hollyhocks, the flowers that Wordsworth loved, and most of the old time annuals and shrubs. From the road a gate, which is always open, leads over marble flag-stones to the broad, low step before the hospitable door.

A long hall divides the centre of the house, with five large square rooms on each side ; a plain, solid table stands at the right of this entry, over which is an old picture of Diana.

The first door on the right leads to the study, a plain, square room, lined on two sides with simple wooden shelves filled with choice books ; a large mahogany table stands in the middle, covered with books, and by the morocco writing-pad, lies the pen which has had so great an influence for twenty-five years on the thoughts of two continents. A large fireplace, with high brass andirons, occupies the lower end, over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's Fates, the faces of the strong-minded women frowning upon all who would disturb with idle tongues this haunt of solemn thought. On the mantle shelf are busts and statuettes of men prominent in the great reforms of the age, and a quaint, rough idol brought from the Nile. A few choice engravings hang upon the walls, and the pine trees brush against the windows.

Two doors, one on each side of the great fire-place, lead into the large parlor which fills the southern quarter of the house. This room is hung with curtains of crimson and carpeted with the same warm color, and when a bright fire is blazing on the broad hearth reflected in the large mirror opposite, the effect is cheerful in the extreme. A beautiful portrait of one of the daughters of the house is hung in this pleasant and homelike room, whose home circle seems to reach around the world; for almost every person of note, who has visited this country, has enjoyed its genial hospitality, and listened with attention to the words of wisdom from the kindly master of the house—the most modest and most gifted writer, and deepest thinker of the age. Years ago the chatty, little Frederika Bremer paid a long visit here, a brisk old lady, as restless as her tongue and pen. Here Margaret Fuller and the other bright figures of the Dial met for conversation and consultation. Thoreau was a daily visitor, and his wood-notes might have been unuttered but for the kind encouragement he found here. The Alcotts, father and daughter, were near neighbors, and it was in this room that Mr. Alcott's earliest "Conversations" were held, now so well known. Here, too, old John Brown was often to be met, a plain, poorly-dressed



RALPH WALDO EMERSON. (*From Photograph.*)

old farmer, seeming out of place, and absorbed in his own plans until some allusion, or chance remark, would fire his soul and light up his rugged features. Hawthorne, the handsome, moody, despairing genius, there woke from his morbid reveries; and here Curtis, the graceful writer, the silver-tongued orator, indulged in his merry satire, which spared neither friend or foe.

But a dozen volumes would not give space enough to mention in full the many guests from foreign lands, who have been entertained at this house, which is also a favorite place for the villagers to visit. The school-children of Concord are entertained here every year with merry games and dances, and they look forward with great interest to the eventful occasion.

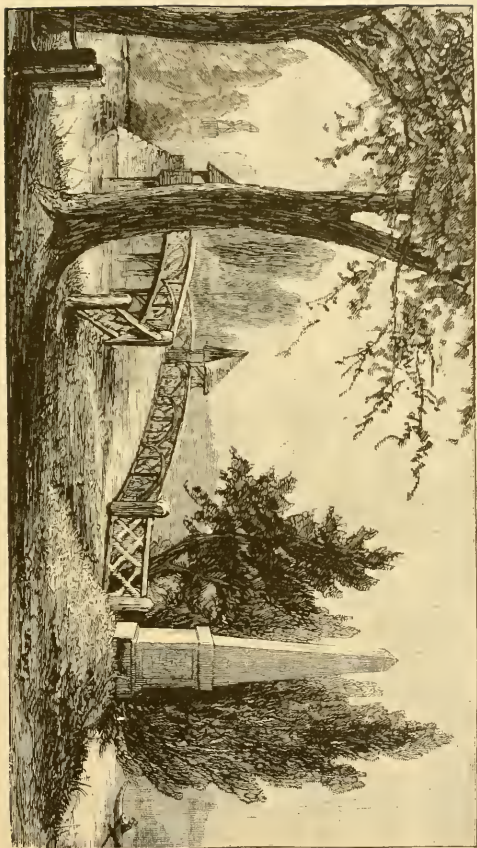
The house was partially destroyed by fire in the spring of 1873, and was rebuilt as nearly as possible like the former. During the building a portion of the family found shelter in the Old Manse, the home of Mr. Emerson's grandfather, while Mr. Emerson himself visited Europe. Upon his return an impromptu reception took place; the citizens gathered at the depot in crowds, the school children were drawn up in two smiling rows, through which he passed, greeted by enthusiastic cheers and songs of welcome. All

followed his carriage to the house and sung "Home Sweet Home," to the music of the band. A few days afterward he invited all his fellow-citizens to call and see him in his new home, and nearly all the inhabitants availed themselves of the opportunity.

A general invitation is now very often extended to old and young, to assemble on Sunday evenings in the pleasant parlor for conversation. Many of these talks have been led by Mr. Alcott, as before mentioned. Some have been of religious nature, especially those led by the Rev. Mr. Channing, and by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, the pastor of the Unitarian church.

The house stands on an old country road, up which the British marched on the memorable 19th of April, 1775. Let us follow their footsteps, which history and legend have kept distinct for over one hundred years.

In full uniform, just from the massacre at Lexington, they marched in upon the Common, and were drawn up before the old church of which the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson was pastor. The Sunday previous he had preached his famous sermon, on the theme, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and Hancock and Adams had fired the hearts of the people in the same building,



THE NORTH BRIDGE.



which now contains some of the very timber which sustained the famous Continental Congress of that day. Major Pitcairn, who commanded the British, took up his post on the hill opposite, probably near the spot shown in the picture, where the tomb of the patriot preacher now stands.

The Rev. William Emerson was a very energetic and fearless man, and had assembled his people very early in the morning, and delivered to them a stirring address, advising resistance, at whatever cost, and it is said that his people were so anxious for his safety that they compelled him to remain all day a prisoner at the Old Manse. Soon after he joined the army as chaplain, and died in consequence of the exposure and the fatigues of the camp. His tomb is on the burying-hill overlooking the old church where he labored so nobly. Tradition declares that he delivered his famous speech that morning, under an elm which stands on the Common, and which is known to have been in existence at that time. A hundred years later, when the descendants of the same men who fought that day returned from the bloody battle-fields of the south bearing in honor the same ancient names and assisted at the dedication of the monument to their comrades who were "faithful unto death," the present Mr. Emerson delivered an ad-

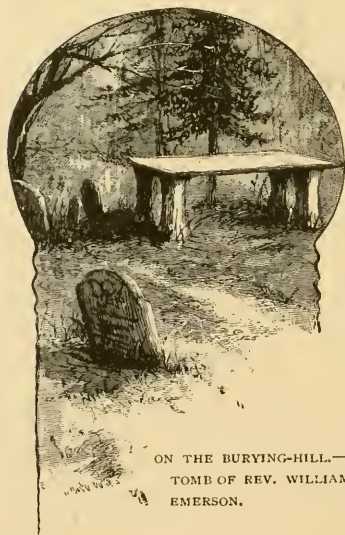
dress, standing in the shadows of the same noble old elm, making true the lines in the ode sung on that day:

"The patriot-preacher's bugle call, that April morning knew,
Still lingers in the silver tones of him who speaks to you."

This notable tree is an American elm of perfect symmetry of shape, and shades a circle of one hundred feet in diameter; and it stands an enduring monument to the valor and eloquence of three generations. (I must add that it has been said to have

been used as a whipping post, and that the iron rings to which the culprits were fastened, are still buried in its mighty trunk.)

After a short halt on this Common, the troops proceeded up the street a quarter of a mile, past the Old Manse to the North Bridge, a hundred rods farther



ON THE BURYING-HILL.—
TOMB OF REV. WILLIAM
EMERSON.

on, and there the fight, ever memorable in American history, occurred.

The spot on which the British fought has long been marked by a plain, granite monument, a portion of the inscription upon which was written by Mr. Emerson, who also delivered at its dedication the famous poem, which cannot be too often quoted :

“ By the wide bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream that seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone ;
That memory may their dead redeem,
When like our sires, our sons are gone.

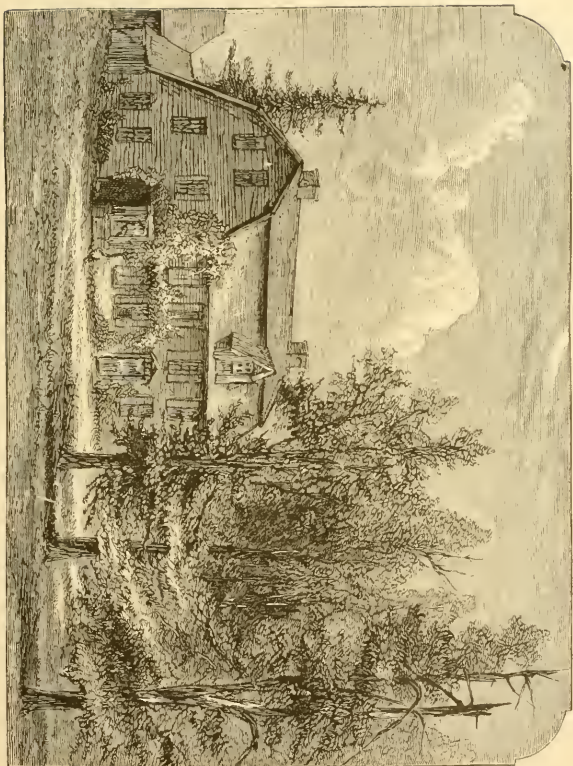
Spirit, that made these heroes dare
To die and leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.”

For the side where the Americans fought, Mr. D. C. French, a young sculptor of the town, has designed a bronze statue of the Minute Man of the day, with wonderful truth and vigor of action ; and it is visited daily by people who come from far and near, and the bridge, which has been built by the citizens of the town to copy the old North Bridge, is

constantly being crossed by every description of vehicle, conveying passengers to study the details of the monument, as the costume of the expectant sol-



dier, the old-fashioned plough upon which he leans, and the old flint-lock musket which he grasps, are careful copies of the originals from which the young



THE OLD MANSE.

artist made the closest studies. Upon a granite base he cut the first lines of the hymn quoted above. It has been well said, "Few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor, and an occasion."

As they pass over the bridge on their return, even the most careless visitor pauses for a moment at the grave of the British soldiers, who, for a hundred years, have lain on the spot where they were hastily buried on the afternoon of the fight, by two of the Concord men who made a grave for them just where they had fallen. No one knew their names, and they slept unwept, save by the murmuring pines, with the very same rough stones from the wall which have been the only marks for a century, until at the centennial anniversary, in April 1875, the town caused the inscription, "The graves of British Soldiers," to be cut in a large granite block, which now forms a part of the wall near which they lie. The next year an Englishman, the editor of a newspaper in Boston, caused iron chains to be placed around, to guard the rough headstones from the attack of the relic-hunters, who have had the Vandalism to break off large pieces to carry away.

The Old Manse, which has been at various times the home of Emerson, stands at the left of the battleground and is approached by an avenue of noble

trees, which were originally black ash, a tree very rare in this part of New England. Many of these ash trees have died from age, and their places have been supplied by elms and maples. Two high posts of granite mark the entrance to the avenue, which extends for about two hundred feet to the door of the house. Opposite, across the narrow country road, a hill overlooks the village, and gives a fine view of the winding river, and distant mountains. A solitary poplar crowns the summit of the hill, and affords a landmark to the river-voyager, as it can be seen for miles up and down the stream. A romantic legend is connected with this tree, about a party of young girls who were at school in the Old Manse, each of whom caused a tree to be set out, and called by her name. Year by year, the girls and trees grew up together in grace and beauty. At length, one by one, the old ladies died, and the trees died too, until one very old lady and this old weather-beaten poplar alone remained. The lady for whom the surviving poplar was named, has gone to her rest, and the tree seems likely to follow before long.

The large field at the left of the Old Manse, which divides it from the battle-ground, was, centuries ago, the site of an Indian village, and often rough arrows and spear-heads have been turned up by the plough.

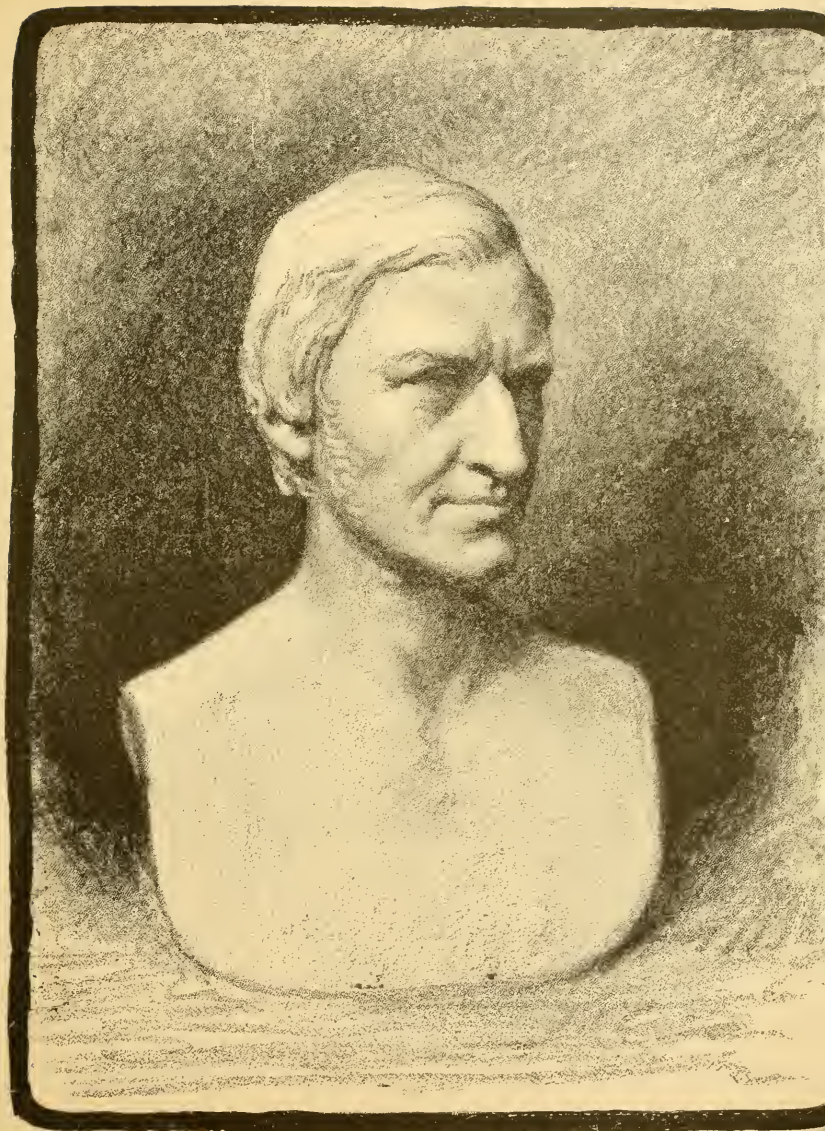
The savages probably chose this gentle slope by the river for the sake of the fish with which it then abounded, for the earlier settlers report a plentiful supply of shad and salmon, where now poor little breams and horn-pouts alone tempt the idle fisherman. Behind the house there extends to the river an ancient orchard of apple trees, which is in itself a monument of energy and faith, for it was set by the hoary-headed old minister, for the benefit of his descendants ; but at the age of ninety he enjoyed a rich harvest to repay him for his disinterested labors. The house, built by him in the year 1765, and occupied by him the next year after his marriage to a daughter of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, with the exception of a few years when it was occupied by Hawthorne, has always been the home of ministers and the descendants of the builder. Nearly all the old New England ministers have been entertained under its roof, and many questions affecting the beliefs of the age have been here discussed and settled. The room in which this article is written, was the study of the Rev. Ezra Ripley, who married the widow of the builder of the home, and here thousands of sermons have doubtless been written. It is a small, square room with high wainscot and oaken beams overhead, with a huge fire-place where four-foot sticks used to burn on great, high, brass andirons.

It was in this room, too, that the ghost used to appear, according to Hawthorne, but it probably only existed in his brilliant imagination. Often, on a winter night, the latch of the old door has lifted without human help, and a gust of cold wind has swept into the room.

Opposite the study, is a larger room, which is modernized by rare photographs and recent adornments, and is used as a parlor by its present owners, the grandchildren of the original proprietors. From this apartment a door opens into the ancient dining-room, in which the old-time ministers held their solemn feasts, and it is said that they were well able to appreciate the good cheer which covered the long table that nearly filled the narrow hall. In one corner of this room stands a tall clock, looking across at its life-long companion, the ancient desk of Dr. Ripley; and a set of curious, old, high-backed chairs recall the days of our upright ancestors.

Opposite this room is a big kitchen with its enormous fire-place, which twenty-five years ago was used wholly by the present occupants for all purposes of cooking. The hooks which held the long, iron crane on which the pots and kettles hung still remain, although a modern cooking stove occupies the chief part of the broad hearth.

The Old Manse was the principal house of the



MILMORE'S BUST OF EMERSON. (*Owned by T. G. Appleton.*)



town for many years, and, probably the only one which had two stories, as almost all of the houses of its period were built with a lean-to. It was also the only one which was built with two chimneys, thus giving a large garret, which is rich in the curious lumber of two generations, and stored with literature enjoyed only by the spider and the moth. In one corner, on the southern side, is a curious, little room which has been always known as the "Saints' Chamber," its walls bearing inscriptions in the hand writing of the holy men who have rested there.

The room over the dining-room is perhaps the most interesting, for it was here that Emerson wrote "Nature" and also many of his best poems. Hawthorne describes this room, which he also used as his study, in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," which was also written there. It has three windows with small cracked panes of glass bearing inscriptions traced with a diamond, probably by some of the Hawthorne family. From the northern window the wife of the Rev. William Emerson watched the progress of the 19th April fight; and one hundred years later, on the same day, her granddaughter, who now occupies the room, pointed out to her guests the honored men who marched in long procession over the old North Bridge to dedicate the new monument

and celebrate the anniversary of the memorable day.

In fine weather the house is filled with guests, and nearly every day some curious stranger begs permission to enter the time-honored hall, which runs directly through the house, as the door opposite the main entrance opens into the orchard, and affords glimpses of the gentle rises beyond.

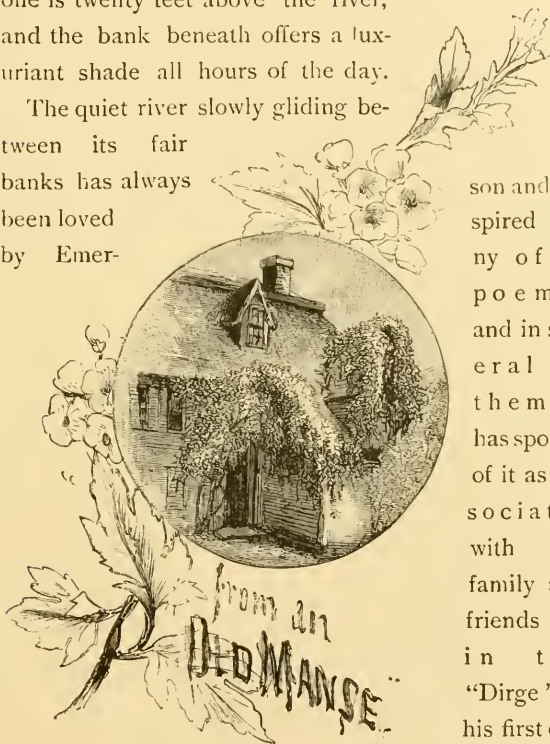
At the foot of this orchard, all the renowned guests of the house have been accustomed to enter the boat, which is moored to a great rock at the river-brink, to row up the stream for half a mile to "the Hemlocks." All of the Concord writers have sung the praises of this romantic spot. After rowing up stream in the sun to Egg Rock, the point where the Sudbury and Assabet rivers unite to form the Concord, it is very delightful to ascend the Assabet which flows along in the eternal shade of its high, tree-crowned banks. At a sudden bend, where for years the water has been forced against a high, sandy bank, which it has washed out in irregular curves, great hemlock trees bend in various angles toward the river and as the roots are washed from their hold, they bend lower and lower, year by year, so that they almost touch the water, until in some spring freshet the last grasp of the tangled roots is loosened from its hold, and the great tree goes sailing down toward the Merri-



AT THE HEMLOCKS.

mack and the ocean beyond. At present, the lowest one is twenty feet above the river, and the bank beneath offers a luxuriant shade all hours of the day.

The quiet river slowly gliding between its fair banks has always been loved by Emer-



son and inspired many of his poems; and in several of them he has spoken of it as associated with his family and friends as in the "Dirge" in his first col-

lection of poems :

" The winding Concord gleamed below
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood."

And again in the "In Memoriam," in the second volume :

"Behold the river bank,
Whither the angry farmers came,
In sloven dress and broken rank,
Nor thought of fame."

* * * * *

"Yet not of these I muse,
In this ancestral place,
But of a kindred face,
That never joy or hope shall here diffuse."

Among Mr. Emerson's poems are many that children can understand and enjoy. In his first volume, published in 1847, we find the lines to "The Rhodora," and surely no one who reads them will ever see again the pretty, purple flower, which is one of the very earliest to greet us in the spring, without recalling the lines :

"Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wast there, O, rival of the rose !
I never thought to ask. I never knew ;
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you."

Where would you find a truer description of "A Snow-Storm," than in the poem bearing that title ? and indeed, one great charm of all Mr. Emerson's poetry

is that his descriptions of nature are always true and real, nothing ever overdrawn. In the same volume is the "Humblebee," "hot midsummer's petted crone," and I venture to say that many a boy who has lain in the grass a hot summer's afternoon, and watched with pleasure one of the little fellows in his "zigzag" course, darting in and out of the flowers "sipping only what is sweet," has, when he grew older, been perfectly delighted to find that the poet had described the very things which he had enjoyed, but could not express; and while reading, has, in imagination, been carried back again to the fields in which he then played.

The poem called "Threnody" has touched many a heart, which sermons have, in vain, tried to reach.

"On that shaded day,
Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
In birdlike heavings unto death,
Night came, and Nature had not thee :
I said, 'we are mates in misery.'
The morrow dawned with needless glow ;
Each snow-bird chirped, each fowl must crow ;
Each tramper started ; but the fect
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden,— they were bound and still."

Read, too, the pine-tree song, in "Wood-notes."

The second volume, called "May-Day," will for

the most part be more interesting to older people than to children, but the "Fourth of July Ode;" would teach the highest lessons, even to a young child. For instance :

" Be just at home ; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free.

" And henceforth there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur through the main,
Sweet songs of *Liberty*."

And the " Boston Hymn " is written in much the same strain .

" My Angel — his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king.
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

• • • • •
" And ye shall succor men :
'Tis nobleness to serve ;
Help them who cannot help again ;
Beware from right to swerve."

In December, 1873, there was a great meeting at Faneuil Hall in Boston, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the throwing over the tea into Boston Harbor, which incident all children have read in their history of the United States ; and then Mr. Emerson read a poem which has never yet been

published, except in the newspapers at the time. In this brief mention of his poetry an attempt has been made simply to call the attention of children to such poems as they can easily understand and enjoy. Perhaps they must wait before they can comprehend all of his works, but the youngest can understand at once his genial nature and kind heart, for everyone, young or old, simple or learned, who has been fortunate enough to know him, loves and honors him. His perfect courtesy never fails. From the humblest he seems anxious to learn. The modest aspirant for literary success finds in him appreciation and inspiration, and in the hearts of his townsmen and friends is the truest home of Emerson.

Mr. Emerson has an erect, slender figure, rather above the medium height, now slightly bowed by the weight of some seventy years. His appearance, though dignified, is very retiring and singularly refined and gentlemanly. His face has a thoughtful and somewhat preoccupied expression, with keen eyes and aquiline nose. His countenance lights up with a rare appreciation of humor of which he has the keenest sense, but his chief characteristics are beneficence and courtesy, which never fails, whether addressing the humblest pauper or the most distinguished scholar.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

JOHN HAYNE, of Hayne Hall, Shropshire, was the honest and sturdy name of the most prominent of the English gentry from whom Paul H. Hayne counts his honorable descent. What doughty deeds brightened the records of the English family of Haynes there is no need to seek ; for, in America, we do not care to sail across the Atlantic in search of knightly or courtly chronicles, so long as we can look at the reputation won by those members of any family whose names have become a part of our own history.

The Haynes of South Carolina, like the Adamses and Quincys of Massachusetts, have seemed to rely for fame rather upon the putting forth of some new achievement in each generation, than upon any proud contemplation of past celebrity or renown.

For instance, there was an old Isaac Hayne, born in South Carolina in 1745, who, having served in a patriot regiment in the Revolution, was made prisoner by the British in 1780 and released on parole. The next year, his family having been attacked by small-pox in Charleston, he was permitted to visit them ; but only to find his wife dying and one of his children already dead. Before being allowed to pay this sad visit, he was forced to acknowledge his allegiance to Great Britain, though under protest, and with an express exemption from bearing arms. But his wife and child were hardly in their graves when Isaac Hayne was bidden to take up arms against his state and country. The British promise being thus broken, Hayne considered himself free and took command of a regiment of South Carolina militia, which he bravely led until again taken prisoner in 1781. The exasperated Royalists hung him without trial on the 4th of August in that year. This patriotic Colonel Hayne, who was a wealthy and popular planter and manufacturer, was great-uncle to Robert V. Hayne,

Webster's famous antagonist in the United States' Senate.

Governor Robert Y. Hayne, Paul H. Hayne's uncle, was, on the testimony of Edward Everett, generally considered to be in 1830 the foremost Southerner in Congressional debates, with the single exception of John C. Calhoun. Born in Colleton District, South Carolina, in 1791, he served for a time in the war of 1812 while still a mere youth, and became Speaker of the South Carolina House of Representatives in 1818, when but twenty-seven years of age. In 1823 he was sent to the United States' Senate, where he was the first Congressman to assert the doctrine that a state may arrest or "nullify" the operation of national laws in her opinion unconstitutional.

In the defence of this doctrine he had, the year previous, while Governor of South Carolina, narrowly escaped coming into collision with President Jackson. In January, 1830, his great speech in the Senate was delivered, a speech not only notable in itself, as a masterly presentation of the political doctrine in question, but forever to be famous as having evoked, in reply, the speech which Daniel Webster's latest biographer calls "the greatest and most renowned oratorical effort" of the New England statesman. It was

Greek meeting Greek ; and both Hayne and Webster felt that they had worthy antagonists. Indeed, as the story-books say, they "lived happily ever after," as far as their affectionate personal relations were concerned ; for men truly great never cherish petty personal resentments, however strong their political opinions.

Governor Hayne visited Webster at Marshfield, and once said of Webster's argument : "A man who can make such speeches as that ought never to die." The governor died in 1839, at the age of forty-eight, having, during the latter part of his life, been Mayor of Charleston.

Colonel Arthur P. Hayne, his brother, was a brave soldier in the war of 1812, and also fought in the Creek and Florida Indian wars. In 1858 he entered the United States' Senate and lived through the Civil war of 1861-1865, dying in 1867.

Of such a family, eminent in the political councils of South Carolina, and always ready to fight for its cherished principles, came the poet Paul H. Hayne. His father, true to the martial instincts of the family, was a lieutenant in the United States' Navy.

Paul Hamilton Hayne (such is the poet's full name) was born at Charleston, South Carolina, on New Year's day of 1831, and grew up in that famous

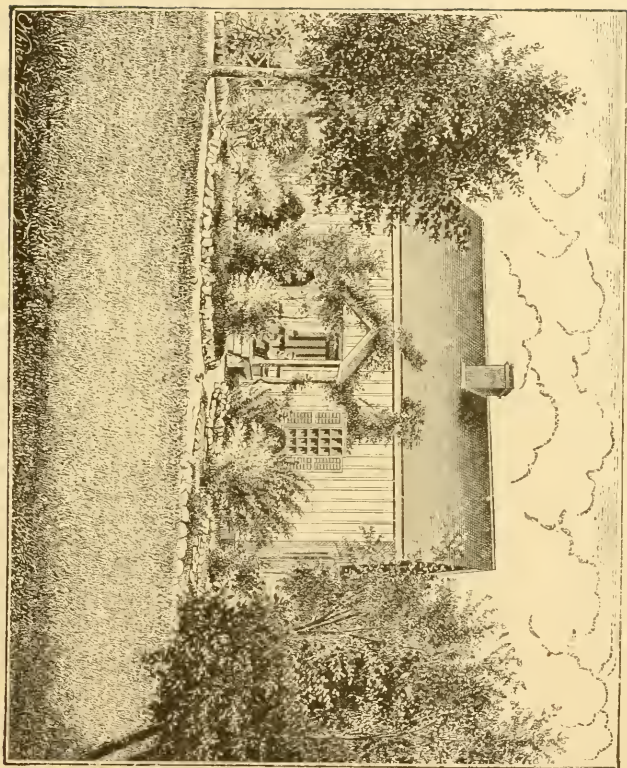
port, perhaps unequalled in the South for its curious combination of commercial activity and stately and aristocratic ease. Lieutenant Hayne died at Pensacola, Florida, while Paul was an infant, leaving his son to be brought up in the affectionate care of his widowed mother.

The boy was a happy, hearty, enthusiastic lad, quick to think and no dullard at his books, though not "precocious," in the sense in which many young poets delight their parents and their future biographers. But, after all, it is a greater pleasure to see a wholesome, cheery little boy, with a warm heart and a natural mind, than a pale little book-worm accumulating a store of phenomenal sayings and doings.

We always hear of the precocious boys whose future brings the fame of a Milton or a Macaulay ; but who shall keep the record of the "infant phenomena" who become matter-of-fact merchants or matrons, or whose careers end in early death ?

Thus young Hayne's teachers, while they soon saw that they were instructing a boy of more than ordinary ability, would hardly have foretold the literary life he has since led ; though, to be sure, he had the poets' traditional hatred of mathematics.

In the college of Charleston, however, which



HOME OF PAUL H. HAYNE.

Hayne entered in 1847 at the age of sixteen, he proved himself a master in elocution and composition, easily surpassing his fellows in both branches. The Hayne family are born orators, and Paul might perhaps, have equalled his uncle's reputation in that particular had his life been a public one, and had his voice been stronger. In his student days his manner as a public speaker was graceful, his gestures were fit, and his personal presence before his audience was of that winning quality which is sometimes called magnetic. His voice is soft and musical, and, while it lacks sufficient power to fill a large room, its effect is manifest, marked as it is both by emphasis and sympathy.

But the lad, after the usual fashion of Southern youth, learned other things than those which his tutors could teach him. When but eight years of age, his uncle, the famous Governor, taught him to shoot; and from that time he has always had a hearty liking for field sports, accounting it by no means his feeblest power that, on a return from the field, he can show at least as many trophies as the majority of skillful huntsmen.

Of course there came with this devotion to the field, an accompanying fondness for horse-back riding. One favorite horse of his was a handsome gray

whose name of Loyal fitly described the faithful nature which the horse and dog, alone of our domestic pets and servants, seem to possess. Loyal would ill brook any attempt of a stranger to mount the saddle ; but to his master he was always gentle, eating out of his hand and following him about the yard like a dog.

Hayne graduated at the College of Charleston in 1850, and soon after studied law and was admitted to the bar, though he never practiced. As to Longfellow, Lowell and Bryant, literature seemed fairer than law, and whiffs from Parnassus persistently blew through the office window. At that time Mr. Hayne's fortune was such that he was not compelled to "work for a living," so that he was enabled to write poems without thoughts of the butcher and the baker.

In 1852, the year after he attained his majority, the young poet was married to Miss Mary Middleton Michel of Charleston, the only daughter of Dr. William Michel. Her own descent is worthy of remembrance, her father having been, when but eighteen years of age, a surgeon in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte. Dr. Michel was wounded at the battle of Leipsic, and received a gold medal at the hands of the late Emperor, Napoleon the Third. Miss Michel's

mother was a descendant of the Frasers of Scotland.

In pursuance of his literary work, Mr. Hayne was, at various times, connected with many periodicals in his native city. In 1854 he visited the North, and in the following year his first volume of poems was published in Boston. Harper & Calvo, a Charleston publishing firm, put forth his second volume in 1857, under the title of "Sonnets and Other Poems;" and the young poet began to command recognition in his more immediate home and in the North.

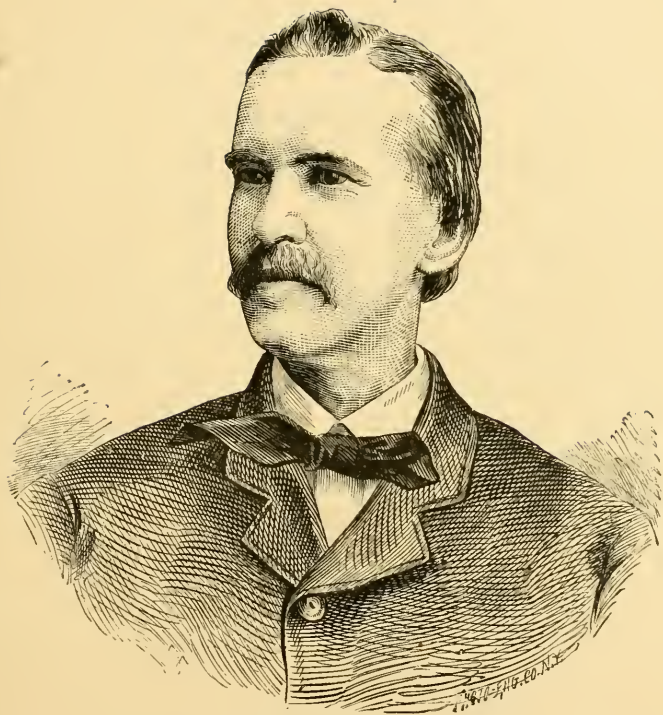
The literary tastes of South Carolina are both severely critical and warmly appreciative. Critical, because, to an extent almost unknown in other parts of the country, the literary diet of the educated classes consists of Addison's "Spectator," Fielding's "Tom Jones," and other standard books of the eighteenth century. And appreciative, because the Southern reader, however severe, is always quick to acknowledge any newly-discovered merit.

The "Ode to Sleep," in the Charleston volume, certainly deserved the warm reception awarded it; while the sonnets of which the book was chiefly composed were, in conception and elaboration, worthy of comparison with the similar work of any contemporary American poet.

It was not, however, until the appearance of his third book that Mr. Hayne won general recognition at the North as a leading contemporary poet. This was a slender volume with a long title: "Avolio, a Legend of the Island of Cos; with Poems Lyrical, Miscellaneous and Dramatic." It was published in Boston in 1859.

Meanwhile Mr. Hayne had been intimately connected in Charleston with an ambitious attempt to establish, in the South, a literary magazine of the first mark. *Russel's Magazine* was its title; in size and typographical appearance it was not unlike *Blackwood's*, and it was sustained for three years (1857-1860) with good ability. Hayne wrote for it constantly, and so did Henry Timrod, William Gilmore Simms, William J. Grayson, Samuel H. Dickson, and many another Southern author. Despite the hearty enthusiasm of its conductors, the magazine failed to win a financial success, and it died the year before the war.

In 1861, when hostilities broke out between the North and the South, Hayne espoused the Southern cause, following whither he was led by conviction and feeling, by personal friendship and local attachment, and by all the inherited political tendencies of the family blood. His health was not rugged, but he was



Very Truly Yours,
Paul H. Hayes.

assigned, early in 1861, to a position on the staff of Governor Pickens of South Carolina.

One of the New York illustrated papers at that time, published a portrait of "Paul H. Hayne, Poet and *Littérateur*; Aide-de-Camp to Governor Pickens." It was the face of a sensitive, thoughtful, delicate, impetuous young man, of the kind so familiar in both armies; for the poet's study and the professor's chair furnished many a recruit to either side in our great Civil war, as they likewise did to the German arms in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

Hayne, too ill to go to the field, was compelled to give up his military ambition, and for the next few years wrote almost constantly in support of what was so soon to become the "Lost Cause." His numerous war lyrics bore such titles as these: "The Kentucky Partisan"; "My Motherland;" "The Substitute;" "The Battle of Charleston Harbor;" "Stonewall Jackson;" "The Little White Glove;" "Our Martyr;" and "Beyond the Potomac." The last named was singled out for praise by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a lecture on the poetry of the war.

The close of the struggle found Hayne poor and sick, but not utterly disheartened. His beautiful home in Charleston was burned just before the victo-

rious Northern army took possession of the city, by the bursting of a bomb-shell; and the next year the poet removed with his wife, boy, and mother, to a secluded spot on the Georgia Railroad, a few miles out of the city of Augusta, Georgia. Here he has since made his home.

With peace assured Mr. Hayne once more took up his pen and went diligently to work, in a brave endeavor to win support from what, in earlier years, had been a pastime. He assumed, in 1866, the editorship of *The Augusta Constitutionalist*, but utterly broke down after eight months' work. During 1867 and 1868 he was associate editor of *The Southern Opinion*, a semi-political paper published at Richmond, Virginia, by Henry Pollard. Hayne revised for this journal a long series of "Reminiscences and Anecdotes of the Late War," and wrote all the book notices. About the same time he wrote numberless editorials and reviews for *Southern Society*, a literary weekly published in Baltimore. This industrious habit of work has never since been remitted.

In 1873 Mr. Hayne, accompanied by his son William, paid a visit to the North, spending a considerable time both in Boston and New York, and meeting many old literary friends, as well as those whom

he had come to know by correspondence. One of the most pleasant episodes of this trip was the visit paid by Mr. Hayne to John Greenleaf Whittier, who was then living at his old home in Amesbury.

For Whittier's personal character, as well as his poems, Hayne had always felt the sincerest admiration; and the meeting of the two poets was not the less cordial because the one had been the life-long advocate of freedom for the slave, while the other had borne arms on the side of the Confederacy.

"Legends and Lyric," the poet's fourth and best collection of poems, appeared in 1872; and a fifth volume was published in 1876, entitled "The Mountain of the Lovers and other Poems." In 1873 Mr. Hayne edited, with an appreciative memoir, an edition of the poems of his friend, the late Henry Timrod.

All his books have now been mentioned, save a small volume, published during the present year, containing biographical sketches of his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne and Hugh S. Legaré, the eminent scholar and reviewer. These biographies were written some years ago and published in *The Southern Review*. Mr. Hayne has also written a memoir of William Gilmore Simms, and a revolutionary story in thirteen

chapters, neither of which has yet been published in book form.

Having briefly sketched the personal and literary life of the poet, a word is demanded concerning his position in the literature of the time. On the whole, taking into view the extent and variety of his work, Hayne must justly be called the chief living Southern writer. In his poems there is a fine feeling and a daintiness of expression which greater poets in standard English literature have missed.

His sonnets delighted Leigh Hunt ; his poems of sentiment and affection go straight to the heart ; and in his longer poems of classic or mediæval theme he has produced narrative verse of high rank. He is content to be simply a poet ; and scarcely a living writer, in an age commonly called "utilitarian," more serenely pursues his own path.

It is no wonder that so many kindly things have been said of him by the critics. Thus, the late John R. Thompson, himself a fair poet, said :

"Hayne is a knight of chivalry, a troubadour, a minnesinger, misplaced and misunderstood, who should have lived ages ago in Provence or some other sunny land. What I admire in him most is his loyalty to his vocation and the conscientiousness with which he gives voice to his poetic impulses whether the world heeds him or not."



MR. HAYNE'S STUDY.

The volume of "Legends and Lyrics" undoubtedly contains the poet's best work; and in it the pieces entitled "The Wife of Brittany" and "Daphles" deserve chief mention and praise. "Daphles" has been especially fortunate, having won the cordial approval of Jean Ingelow, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Whipple, and Richard Grant White. Mr. Hayne's approving critics seem divided into three classes; the first giving to his sonnets the highest place, while the second prefer his lyrics, and the third his narrative poems.

"Copse Hill" is the name of the home which the poet has occupied for the past twelve years; and, certainly, the little house shows that romance has not yet died out of the world, and that all the poets do not house themselves in brick walls or brown-stone fronts.

Mr. Hayne's cottage, made of unseasoned lumber and neatly white-washed, stands on the crest of a hill in the midst of eighteen acres of pine lands, utterly uncultivated and affording the solemnity and seclusion which nature alone can give. Many of Hayne's poems show the influence of the Southern scenery at his very door.

The interior of the cottage is cheery; for it has been patiently decorated in a fashion at once artistic and homelike by the hand of Mrs. Hayne. The

walls were so uninviting that she determined to paper them with engravings, carefully selected from the current periodicals of the day.

The room in which Mr. Hayne works, as now adorned, is fairly entitled to be described by that most aristocratic of adjectives, *unique*. Pictures of eminent men, views of noted places, and scenes of public interest are so arranged as to leave no break on the walls. The mantel and doors, even, are covered with pictures, some of them framed in paper trimmings cut from the journals of fashion.

Mr. Hayne's library consists of some two thousand volumes, partly saved from his original valuable collection of books, but accumulated for the most part by his labors as a book-reviewer. His desk, at which he always stands while writing, is made out of the two ends of the work-bench used in building the cottage. Mrs. Hayne has contrived to transform it into an antique bit of furniture. The little book-cases near by are made of boxes, partly covered with pictures like the walls of the room.

In person, Hayne is of slight figure and medium height, having piercing eyes, full lips and a dark complexion. In manner he is inclined to be quiet and reserved. All his life he has been in somewhat feeble health, especially as regards his lungs.

"I have never known," he says, "since I was sixteen, what it is to feel perfectly well." But he works assiduously, even to the indulgence of that habit of enthusiastic poets — getting up at night to capture a fleeting idea.

It will not be an unwarrantable intrusion into this happy home — most inaccessible of all the abodes of American authors — to copy here Mr. Hayne's hearty and helpful lines to his only son. "Will" is a boy no longer ; but advancing years have no power to dim such affection between father and son :

"MY SON WILL.

"Your face, my boy, when six months old
We propped you, laughing, in a chair,
And the sun-artist caught the gold
Which rippled o'er your waving hair,
And deftly shadowed forth, the while,
That blooming cheek, that roguish smile,
Those dimples seldom still ;
The tiny, wondering, wide-eyed elf ! —
Now, *can* you recognize yourself
In that small portrait, Will ?

"I glance at it, then turn to you,
Where in your healthful ease you stand,
No beauty, but a youth as true,
As pure, as any in the land !
For Nature, through fair sylvan ways,
Hath led and gladdened all your days,

Kept free from sordid ill;
 Hath filled your veins with blissful fire,
 And winged your instincts to aspire
 Sunward and Godward, Will!

“Long-limbed and lusty, with a stride
 That leaves me many a pace behind,
 You roam the woodlands, far and wide,
 You quaff great draughts of country wind;
 While tree and wild-flower, lake and stream,
 Deep shadowy nook, and sunshot gleam,
 Cool vale and far-off hill,
 Each plays its mute mysterious part
 In that strange growth of mind and heart
 I joy to witness, Will.

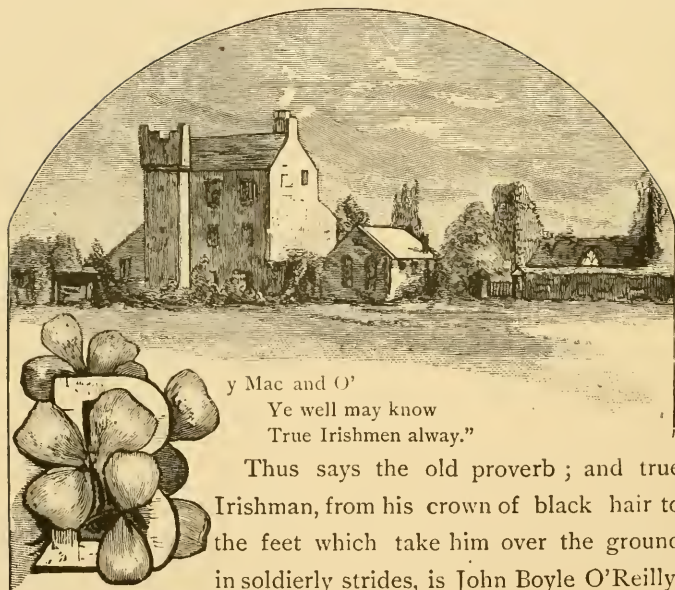
“‘Can this tall youth,’ I sometimes say,
 ‘Be mine, *my son*?’ It surely seems
 Scarce further backward than a day,
 Since, watching o’er your feverish dreams
 In that child-illness of the brain,
 I thought (O Christ, with what keen pain!)
 Your pulse would soon be still,
 That all your boyish sports were o’er,
 And I, heart-broken, never more
 Should call or clasp you, Will!

“But Heaven was kind, Death passed you by,
 And now upon your arm I lean,
 My second self, of clearer eye,
 Of finer nerve, and sturdier mien;
 Through you, methinks, my long-lost youth
 Revives, from whose sweet founts of truth
 And joy I drink my fill;
 I feel your every heart-throb, know

What inmost hopes within you glow ;
One soul's between us, Will !

“ Pray Heaven that this be always so ;
That even on your soul and mine,
Though my thin locks grow white as snow,
The self-same radiant trust may shine.
Pray that while this, my life, endures,
It aye may sympathize with yours
In thought, aim, action, still ;
That you, O son (till comes the end),
In me may find your comrade, friend,
And *more* than father, Will ! ”

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.



y Mac and O'

Ye well may know

True Irishmen alway."

Thus says the old proverb ; and true Irishman, from his crown of black hair to the feet which take him over the ground in soldierly strides, is John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet whose name heads this paper.

It is natural enough that his step should be soldierly ; for it is not many years since the fingers that now hold his pen were familiar with the sabre hilt, and since the feet, that

now tread the quiet streets of Boston, obeyed the call of the bugle in an English barrack. That was in the days when the poet-editor was a Revolutionist, working for Ireland's independence, and working as many another Irishman has done in vain.

He was but nineteen years old in those days. He is thirty-four now, graver and calmer in manner, but scarcely less eager to enter into a fight for principles and for men that he loves.

He was born in 1844 in Dowth Castle, County Meath, and grew up there, studying from books with his father and mother, and from their store of legends and songs with the peasantry of the neighborhood, and learning from both to love Ireland, the oppressed, the beloved, the little black rose or dark Rosaleen, of whom her sons sing in the ballad :

"The judgment hour must first be nigh
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen."

He did not stay at home many years. Irish boys are worse than Yankees for running away and establishing themselves in life ; and when very young he found himself in England, working sometimes as a printer and sometimes as a reporter on the papers in the manufacturing districts, and acquiring that intimate knowledge of workingmen, and that sympa-

thy with them which still clings to him, and is only less strong than his national enthusiasm.

But his native land was still, first in his heart, and in 1863 he devoted himself entirely to her service, and enlisted in the Tenth, Prince of Wales' Hussars ; not to fight for England, but to plot for Ireland. At that time, wherever half a dozen Irishmen were gathered together, one of them, at least, was sure to be a Fenian, or Irish Republican, pledged to secure liberty for his country. For three years O'Reilly worked with these men, and, while outwardly a well-drilled, obedient soldier, clothed in "England's cruel red," he never ceased to plan for the day when the "wearing of the green" might again be permitted.

The time came when it seemed as if the blow might be struck, and Ireland might be free. But, as has happened scores of times before in her history, the plot for her deliverance was betrayed by a spy, and the men who would have broken her chains were arrested for high treason and thrown into prison.

For days all Ireland was in a state of terror, as warrant after warrant was served and cell after cell filled by her patriot sons. And then came the trials and the sentences, and Mr. O'Reilly found himself doomed to imprisonment for life. His punishment was afterwards commuted to twenty years. But when one

is young one does not see much difference between a score of years and the rest of one's days on earth, and he hardly recognized the change as merciful.

England's prisons were crowded that year, and he was successively an inmate of Chatham, Portsmouth, Portland and Dartmoor, before he was sent to Australia. At Dartmoor, he and his brother Republicans had the sad pleasure of performing the last offices for the American prisoners-of-war, who were shot in cold blood in 1814 by their British guards. The bodies of the slain had been flung into shallow graves, and when O'Reilly and his comrades were in the prison, the bones of the Americans lay bleaching on the ground in one of the prison yards, having been dragged from their resting-place by the prison pigs. The Irish Republicans collected and buried them, and carved "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria moriri*" on the rude stone with which they were allowed to mark the grave, perhaps wondering, as they did so, whether anyone would do as much for them should they die while in prison.

In 1867 they were sent to Australia, "a land blessed by God and blighted by man," as Mr. O'Reilly says; and there they were set to work in gangs making roads. But the sturdy young fellow whose boyhood was passed in sight of the Boyne with

its bitter memories of defeat by the English, and whose youth had been given to plotting against England, did not sit down contented as her prisoner. From the day when he first set foot on Australian soil he began to make plans to escape; and over and over again he tried, only to be defeated.

He learned to love "that fair land and drear land in the South," with its soft climate and strange scentless flowers and bright songless birds. But he could not be content in captivity, and at last, in February, 1869, he put to sea in an open boat, and, after days of privation and peril, was picked up by the American whaler, *Gazelle*, of New Bedford, Captain David R. Gifford.

Now began a new life for the young Irishman. A life made up of long days of watching for whales and spinning yarns, such as only whalers can spin, and other days that seemed too short for all the work and adventure that were crowded into them, while whales were captured and their precious oil stored away in the hold. He remained on the whaler until August, and then an American ship, the *Sapphire*, of Boston, bound for Liverpool, hove in sight, and Captain Gifford put O'Reilly aboard her, giving him the papers of a shipwrecked sailor, and lending him twenty guineas, all the money that he had.

"But if I'm recaptured in Liverpool you'll never get the money again," remonstrated the Irishman.

"All right," said the Yankee ; "if they take you I can do without it. If you reach America I think I'll get it again."

In September O'Reilly landed in Liverpool ; but soon found himself in danger and sailed for America, landing in Philadelphia and going to New York. Here he lectured once or twice, and sold some magazine articles to buy clothes, and in 1870 came to Boston, not knowing a soul in New England.

Looking about for something to do, Mr. O'Reilly naturally found his way to the newspaper offices, and soon had a position on the *Pilot*, at a salary which, although small at first, was soon increased. His countrymen made him welcome to their homes, and his poems, which he soon began to publish, made him friends among Americans ; and in a year or two he found himself prosperous and growing famous. Then he married a wife, whose sole care since her wedding-day has been to make her poet's home what it should be. And since then, it has seemed as if fortune were striving in every way to make up to him for the pain of his enforced exile.

He is now the owner of one-fourth of the *Pilot*, the other three-quarters belonging to the Archbishop of

Boston, and is its sole editor ; so that he enjoys an independence that makes him the envy of all his brother journalists. Among Irishmen the influence of the paper is wonderful, and is used with the aim of making them good American citizens.

This year Mr. O'Reilly has been chosen President of the Papyrus Club, the organization to which the younger poets, magazine writers, and editors in the city of Boston belong ; and also of the Press Club, of which all the newspaper men are members by right of office.

Change of fortune has not altered him much in manner, and seems to have made little difference in his disposition. He still sits silent in company, immovable except as to his restless dark eyes, until somebody asks him a question ; but then the heavy brows are lifted, the head is raised, and the answer comes usually in the Milesian form of another question, sometimes paradoxical, sometimes a little dogmatic, but always striking. Unless one wants to rouse him to vehemence, it is best to avoid saying anything snobbish, and, above all, not to insinuate that his beloved workingmen are not perfect ; and it is also well not to say anything against Ireland. Of his country he sings :



"My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief !
My land that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf —
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet — the mother's breath and smiles ;
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land — the Niobe of Isles."

Mr. O'Reilly's home is in the Charlestown district of Boston, in a house facing Winthrop Park and the soldiers' monument, the work of his countryman, Milmore. Most of his poetical work is done in his study, a long room occupying half of the first floor.

The arrangement of the room shows a hundred signs of womanly taste, and its planning is really more his wife's work than his own, although it suits him perfectly. The moldings and panelings of the walls are of a warm crimson, repeated in the heavy curtains and the cover of the long desk at one end of the room, and in the comfortable lounge that invites him to rest when he has worked too long. A book-case, containing the volumes that he needs for reference, stands at the left of his chair, and another fills the space between the chimneys. Upon the top of the latter are statuettes, vases and small pictures innumerable, and others line the walls ; each one having a history for its owner, not ancestral, but of his own talent and energy.

Western Australia -

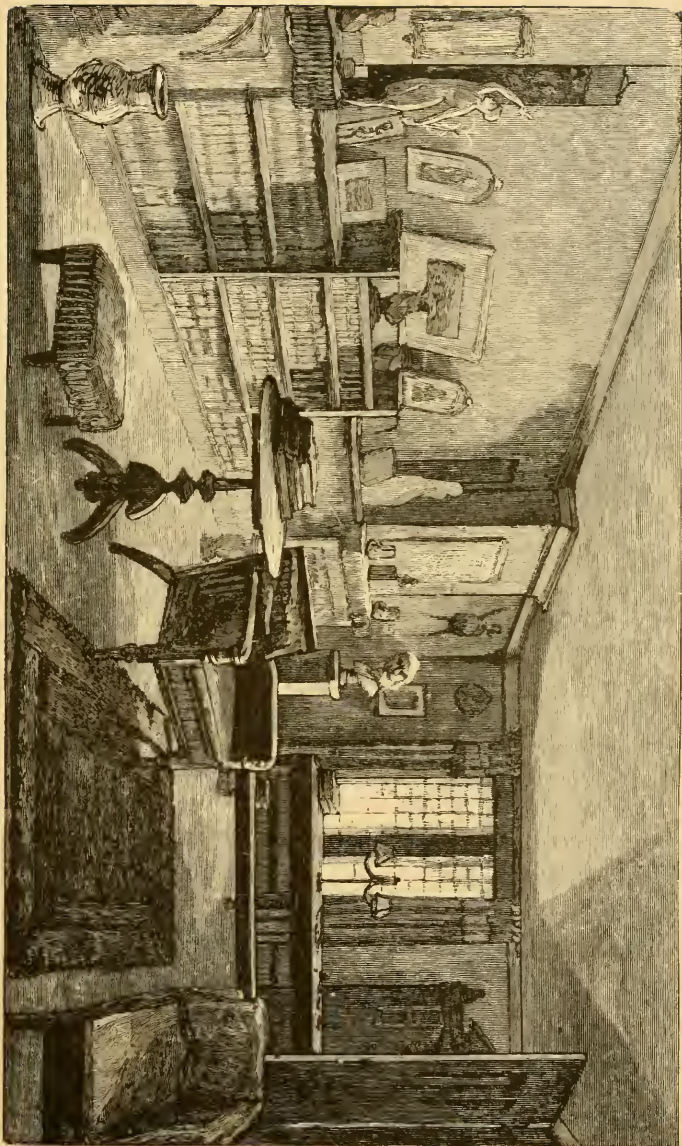
Nation of sin and sin,
 Thy flowers and crimes are red,
 And thy heart is rose within
 While the glory crowns thy head.
 Land of the songless birds,
 What was thine ancient crime,

Burning through lapse of time,
 Like a prophetic cursing words?

Aloes and myrrh, and tears
 Mix in thy bitter wine:
 Drink, while the cup is thine,
 Drink, for the draught is sign
 Of thy reign in the coming years.

John Boyle O'Reilly

At his right hand, where he can see it whenever he glances up, is a little picture of Dowth Castle, made for him by his brother poet, Dr. Joyce; and



MR. O'KEILLY'S STUDY.

not far off is an engraving of a French picture of military life, on which his eyes rest fondly now and then, as he recalls the old days of peril and plotting.

Here come his three black-haired little girls to ask papa's advice on various profound topics, and are chased out by mamma, only to return again and coax for an answer, and to receive it, no matter what becomes of the rhymes meanwhile. Here, too, in the evening, come the Papyrus men to chat, to discuss their coming poems and books, and, if the truth must be told, to smoke while they talk until long after midnight.

Up-stairs are his wife's parlor, the nursery whither his babies beguile him as often as they can, and the bed-rooms. But the study is the favorite resort of all the family, and there Mrs. O'Reilly does her own literary work ; for she has her share in her husband's labors, and edits a department in the *Pilot*.

His journalistic work is done in the queerest little den ever seen — a tiny room in the fourth story of the *Pilot* building ; made tinier by being lined with book-cases, and by a litter of old newspapers and magazines. His desk is a wild confusion of first proofs, "revises," copy, slips cut from exchanges, old letters, poems, and leading articles for the *Pilot*, and piles of dust ; for the office-boy would sooner

think of dropping out of the window than he would dare to touch anything in the room higher than the floor.

Once, when Mr. O'Reilly was away, one of his assistants, struck by the forlorn appearance of the den, had it put in order. "And what do you think," says the poet, "he had the paint washed! And I had a lot of valuable memoranda scribbled on my window-frame, and he had them all washed off, and I haven't the least idea what they were!"

This sad affair happened three years ago, and since then, if office tradition can be credited, no similar vandalism has been committed.

The first volume of Mr. O'Reilly's poems, "Songs from the Southern Seas," was published in 1873; his second, "Songs, Legends and Ballads," which includes the first, in 1878. The title of the latter is a very good description of its contents; for Mr. O'Reilly's poetry is of many kinds. The longest is "The King of the Vasse," an Australian legend, into which are woven descriptions of that scenery which makes Northern lands seem cold and pallid to him who has once beheld it. This is the picture of the forest:

"The shadows darken 'neath the tall trees' screen,
While round their stems the rank and velvet green

Of undergrowth is deeper still ; and there
Within the double shade and steaming air,
The scarlet palm has fixed its noxious root,
And hangs the glorious poison of its fruit ;
And there, 'mid shaded green and shaded light,
The steel-blue silent birds take rapid flight
From earth to tree and tree to earth ; and there
The crimson-plumaged parrot cleaves the air
Like flying fire, and huge brown owls awake
To watch, far down, the stealing carpet-snake
Fresh skinned and glowing in his changing dyes,
With evil wisdom in the cruel eyes
That glint like gems. as o'er his head flits by
The blue-black armor of the emperor-fly.

* * * * *

And high o'erhead is color ; round and round
The towering gums and tuads closely wound
Like cables, creep the climbers to the sun,
And over all the reaching branches run
And hang, and still send shoots that climb and wind
Till every arm and spray and leaf is twined,
And miles of trees, like brethren joined in love,
Are drawn and laced ; while round them and above,
When all is knit, the creeper rests for days,
As gathering might, and then one blinding blaze
Of very glory sends, in wealth and strength
Of scarlet flowers, o'er the forest's length."

Among the other poems are several that relate horrible stories in a powerful fashion, such as "The Dukite Snake, " the tale of a poor settler who killed one of the dreadful red serpents of Australia, and came home the next day to find that its mate had

killed his wife and child, "The Dog Guard," and "Haunted by Tigers." Then there are "Uncle Ned's Tales," soldiers' stories of fighting; poems written for St. Patrick's day and for the Emmet Centennial; and a fierce outburst of wrath published a short time ago, when some of his brother Fenians were released, some of them only just in time to die. The pieces entitled "The Wail of Two Cities," and commemorative of the Chicago and Boston fires are very good, and the latter was selected by Mr. Longfellow for his "Poems of Places" as the best thing written on the subject. It runs thus:

"O broad breasted Queen among Nations!
O mother, so strong in thy youth!
Has the Lord looked upon thee in ire,
And willed thou be chastened with fire,
Without any ruth?

"Has the Merciful tired of His mercy,
And turned from thy sinning in wrath,
That the world with raised hands sees and pities
Thy desolate daughters, thy cities,
Despoiled on their path?

"One year since thy youngest was stricken;
Thy eldest lies stricken to-day.
Ah, God! was thy wrath without pity,
To tear the strong heart from our city,
And cast it away?

"O Father, forgive us our doubting ;
The stain from our weak souls efface ;
Thou rebukest, we know, but to chasten ;
Thy hand has but fallen to hasten
Return to thy grace.

"Let us rise purified from our ashes,
As sinners have risen who grieved ;
Let us show that twice-sent desolation,
On every true heart in the nation
Has conquest achieved."

A few of the songs are freighted with a moral, and of these the best ends thus :

"Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best.
To-day is a king in disguise,
To-day is the special test.

"Like a sawyer's work is life,
The present makes the flaw ;
And the only field for strife
Is the nich before the saw."

There is only one more thing to be told about Mr. O'Reilly, and that is, the reason why, for the last few years, his countrymen have seemed to put more faith in him than in anyone else. It is not his poetry or his patriotism that has won him this regard, although both count for much with Irishmen. Higher than genius, more difficult in the tasks that it imposes than devotion to one's country, is the unselfishness that can give up wealth without a hope of reward. And Mr. O'Reilly has shown, and is showing, that he possesses that gift.

When the *Pilot* fell into his hands and the Archbishop's, its former owner was indebted to hundreds of poor persons, and, having lost all his property, had no hope of paying them. But the prelate and the poet assumed the task, and the profits of the paper, instead of going to its rightful owners, are used for defraying the claims of these poor creditors. Is it any wonder that, throughout the diocese of Boston; the Archbishop is regarded with double reverence, and that next to him, in the hearts and the prayers of the poor, stands John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet?

REV. DR. S. F. SMITH.



THE FAVORITE CORNER.

SAMUEL
Francis

Smith, the author
of our National
Hymn "America,"
was born at the
North End, Boston,
under the sound of
old Christ Church
chimes, October 21,
1808. He attended

the Latin School, from which, in 1825, (having been a medal scholar) he entered Harvard College, in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes, the late Judges B. R. Curtis and G. T. Bigelow, James Freeman Clarke, and Chandler Robbins. Josiah Quincy became President of the College in their last

year. George Ticknor was one of their teachers, and Charles Sumner (1830), John Lothrop Motley and Wendell Phillips (1831) were in the classes next below them. Mr. Smith passed from Cambridge to the Andover Theological Seminary, in the beautiful town of that name. This was an outgrowth of the famous Phillips Academy, at whose centenary, last summer, Dr. Holmes delivered the poem, and about which he and others have, of late years, told such interesting stories. Professor Stuart and his early colleagues in the Seminary were then at the height of their usefulness and fame. In the class above Mr. Smith was the since renowned theologian, Professor Park; in the class that entered next, the late Professor Hackett.

Upon graduating, in 1832, Mr. Smith engaged for a year in editorial labor. He was ordained to the ministry in February, 1834, and went to Waterville, Me., preaching as pastor in the Baptist church, and becoming Professor of Modern Languages in the college there. After eight years thus spent, he moved to the village of Newton Centre, Mass., which has ever since been his home. For seven years he was editor of the "Christian Review," and for twelve years and a half, until July, 1854, he was a pastor there.

During his subsequent residence he has been occu-



REV. DR. S. F. SMITH.

pied in general literary pursuits, and in editorial labor, largely in the service of Christian Missions, to which he has also seen a useful and honored son devote himself in India.

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple has observed that: "Some of the most popular and most quoted poems in our literature are purely accidental hits, and their authors are rather nettled than pleased that their other productions should be neglected while such prominence is given to one"—instancing T. W. Parsons, and his "Lines on a Bust of Dante." It was once intimated to me by a member of Dr. Smith's family, not that the author of "America" desired prominence for other strokes of his pen, but that he was sometimes a little weary with that accorded to the one which is so often and so heartily sung. But Dr. Smith has probably settled down to his fate, with which, indeed, it would be particularly vain to strive, since the frequent occasions of using the national hymn furnished by the war, have been so quickly followed by those of patriotic centenary observances. Very appropriately, too, the effort to save the Old South has enlisted our poets, drawing attention to the history of some of their early famous poems, and thus seated these all the more firmly in popular interest.

Long will be remembered, by all who were so fortu-

nate as to attend it, the entertainment given in those old walls, on the evening of May 4th, 1877. Governor Rice presided, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Drs. J. F. Clarke, S. F. Smith, and O. W. Holmes, the three college classmates, read and spoke on the occasion.

Dr. Smith told the story of "America." The late Mr. William C. Woodbridge, he said, brought from Germany many years ago, a number of books used in schools there, containing words and music, and committed them to the late Dr. Lowell Mason, who placed them in Dr. Smith's hands, asking him to translate anything he might find worthy, or, if he preferred, to furnish original words to such of the music as might please him. It was among this collection that on a gloomy February day in 1832, the student at Andover found its present music for the song he had there composed in that year. It may here be observed that much discussion has occurred in England, within a year, as to the origin of this air, which, in 1815, it is said, served for the national anthem in England, in Prussia and in Russia, it being superseded in the latter country only about a generation ago. "Like the English constitution," remarked the *Daily News*, "it has gone through a series of developments, and such a history is not unbecoming in the case of a truly

national air." It has sometimes been claimed that Handel composed and introduced it into England, but the researches of Chappell, and of the Germans, Fink and Chrysander, Handel's biographer, agree in ascribing the original strain to the Englishman, Henry Carey (169—1743), who has another title to fame in the authorship of "Sally in our Alley."

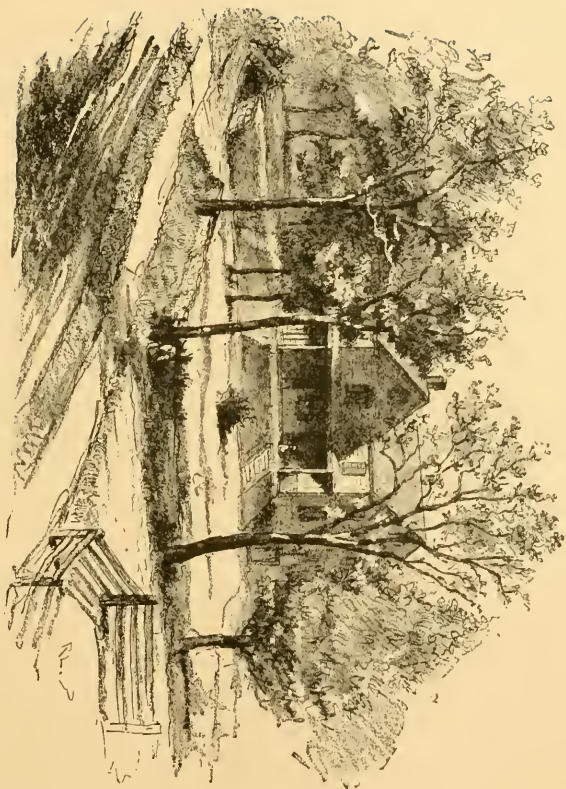
Before Dr. Smith fulfilled his part on the programme at the Old South entertainment, by reciting "America," he said that on returning from a year's wandering in Europe, some time since, he was asked if any country had supplanted his own in his regard. To this inquiry he read to the audience a poetical reply entitled "My Native Land." It contains six stanzas, of which the following are the first and third :

We wander far o'er land and sea
We seek the old and new,
We try the lowly and the great,
The many and the few ;
O'er states at hand and realms remote,
With curious quest we roam,
But find the fairest spot on earth
Just in our native home.

We seek for landscapes fair and grand,
Seen through sweet summer haze,
Helvetia's mountains, piled with snow,
Italia's sunset rays,
And lake, and stream, and crag, and dell,
And new and fairer flowers —
We own them rich and fair—but not
More grand, more fair than ours.

These stanzas have been given as a natural preface to a slight sketch of Dr. Smith's surroundings in the town where he dwells ; for though he speaks in them of the beauties of his whole country, yet it may well be believed that the landscape charms of Newton Centre, as well as nearly forty years of residence there, conspire to make it for him the dearest spot of the land.

The landscape tempts us out of doors, but first we will glance about the poet's home. Leaving the parlor we cross the hall and pass into a drawing room, in rear of which is a side-entrance passage, beyond which is another pleasant apartment. In the rear of the room first entered, containing various interesting souvenirs of European travel, and one book-case, is the library proper, which has its walls, where the books allow them to be seen at all, covered with a warm scarlet paper. The heat diffused over



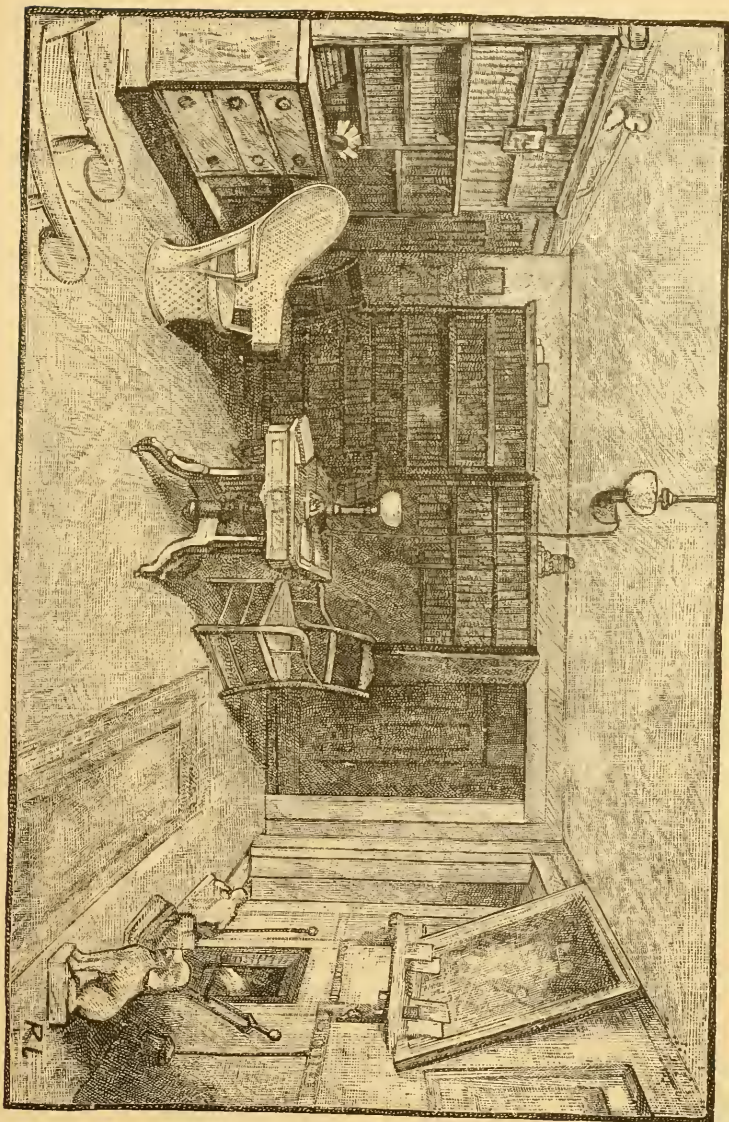
HOME OF REV. DR. F. S. SMITH.

the house by a furnace, can at any time, for comfort or delight, be reinforced by the open fires which poets especially love for their reveries. Whoever is welcomed to the dining-room of this hospitable home will find good cheer and quaint china. The mention of the last recalls to me that in the parlor is a relic of that possessed by Charles Sumner, and given to Dr. Smith by his friend the Hon. William Claflin. When Dr. Smith alluded, in his modest way, to the attentions paid him in his visit to Washington in October, 1877, about which I had read in the papers, I could only think, "Who, if not he, should be an honored guest in the capital of the nation?"

Certainly there is no other man among us whose words are so often read and sung east and west, north and south — thrilling all the instincts of patriotism. The study is full of interesting objects. The large picture suspended above the open grate is a very old and beautiful painting of the Holy Family by one of the old masters — probably a Murillo — in excellent preservation. The stone lion on the right side of the grate is a carving, a foot and a half in height, brought from the steps of an idol temple in Burmah, where it stood guard in former years. On the opposite side is a reclining Buddha, of polished marble, rare and very beautiful, from the same coun-

try. On the top of the bookcase on the opposite side of the library is a small, but very fine, bust of Milton ; on the right, a massive elephant's tooth, and on the left, the skull of a man-eating tiger, which in his life time was known to have feasted on the flesh of several victims. On one of the two bookcases on the intermediate side of the library is a sitting Buddh, carved in white marble. The tall, old-fashioned clock in one of the corners has been an heir-loom in the family a hundred and fifteen years. The most-used chair in the room was the property, more than a hundred years ago, of a clergyman of the northern part of Middlesex county. The straw chair with projecting arms did service several years in the town of Rangoon in Burmah. A very beautiful slipper, of Dresden china, does duty as a pen-holder on the centre-table. Engravings cover most of the walls not hidden by the bookcases ; the most interesting being Père Hyacinthe and Hengstenberg, the commentator on the Psalms.

This dwelling "hath a pleasant seat." It faces the east, is moderately retired from the street, and is upon an elevation gently rising for some distance, up which sweeps, in a graceful curve, the public road. Following this in its descent, and then almost to the top of a lesser acclivity, one comes to a rural church ideally



DR. SMITH'S STUDY.

R.L.

situated, and forming, amid its trees, an attractive sight across the pretty vale from the northern side of Dr. Smith's home. This view is English in its quiet grace and natural beauty.

Returning now by the road, and going on past the house again, a spacious village green is passed, and you come to another church, the one over which Dr. Smith was many years settled, fit in position to gladden an American George Herbert. It is embowered in a corner where roads cross on the broad plain from which rises, on the left of the main road we have trodden, a long and high hill. This is crowned by the buildings of the Newton Theological Institution of which the Rev. Dr. Hovey is President. One who toils up the winding tree-lined avenue, will be rewarded by reaching an eminence which will bear comparison with that where was once the old Ursuline Convent of Charlestown, or with Andover's plateau and elegant shades, or the delightful crests of Amherst. On the west, the view is particularly fine. Dr. Hackett used to compare it to that from the Acropolis of Athens. On the horizon rise Monadnock and Wachusett, with many a town and village between. At your foot are the churches and a beautiful little sheet of water, which, with the mount on which we are standing, gives the situation some claim to be regard-

ed as an American miniature "Lake District." Sailing or rowing out upon it, and looking up the height, the scene is German or Italian in its bold and romantic character. The hues in the stone of the chapel, and its architecture, embracing a heavy tower, give it, set upon the wooded hill, an air of age, and recall the castle sites on Como, or one of those still inhabited religious establishments which rise upon the banks of the Danube.

Not very far from the water is the former home of Dr. Hackett, and following west the road upon which it lies, towards Brooklawn, the country-seat of Gov. Claflin, the traveller first comes to the portal of the cemetery in which the scholar now reposes. Dr. Smith has chosen a final resting place here among the urns of this and other friends. Sure we are that none could wish for them, or for himself, a fairer spot to rest one's head upon the lap of earth. It is a good place for the dawn of the immortal morning on him who wrote, years ago, "The morning light is breaking."

There is little, in meeting Dr. Smith, to remind one of such thoughts ; but, in four years more, the famous Harvard class of "Twenty-nine," will have sung the words, "My Country, 'tis of thee," a half-century, and Dr. Holmes is beginning to speak of his own

failing voice. Gently may he and his classmates fail and fade from their activities, distant yet be the day when those who knew him of whom this paper has spoken, shall stand and muse : —

Here lies who hymned America ; to sing or preach,
Dante's suggestive words our question's tribute teach,
Where was "a better smith of the maternal speech?"

Since the main part of this was written, Dr. Smith's home has lost one who, for nearly forty years, was its honored and beloved inmate. Mrs. Ann W. Smith,



OUTSIDE THE STUDY WINDOW.

the mother of his wife, died August 20th, 1878. Born July 28, 1786, a sister of the eminent judge, the late Hon. Daniel Appleton White, and married almost seventy years

since, this venerable lady carried one's thoughts back to the early days of the elder Quincy and Webster, Dana and Bryant, and Madame Patterson Bonaparte.

At ninety-two, however, her interest in life was keen, and her beauty of spirit, fitly enshrined in a noble figure, looked forth from a face round, full and fair. The writer will ever remember the honor and pleasure of handing Madame Smith to breakfast, in her son-in-law's home, two months previous to her death, just before the family left Newton for their cottage by the sea. It was there, where she was accustomed to bathe with much zest, that, a few weeks later, she had a fall which soon proved fatal to the body, and freed the soul, of the aged Christian.

G. H. WHITTEMORE.





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